







STANDARD POEMS.



SHORT STANDARD POEMS.

AN

ANTHOLOGY

BY

MARY EMERSON.

THIRD EDITION.

DRESDEN
CARL TITTMANN
1892.



TENDERLY DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY

OF

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

BY

MARY EMERSON.

and the matter community and play.

William Britain Britain

711

THE RESERVE

PREFACE.

In the many foreign schools which have come under the compiler's notice, nowhere has she found a collection of poetry, in one volume, supplying the want of scholars studying English.

The deficiency has encouraged her to prepare this collection of standard poems, chosen from the best English and American authors. To further this object, all translations, and many fine poems in provincial dialect have been omitted.

She can confidently recommend this little book to all parents and teachers for their young people, whether as a gift, or for school use — as it has been her highest aim to unite the purest moral tendency with true beauty of thought and language.

And now the compiler turns to you, kind Poets, and Publishers. If she has unwittingly infringed on copyrights &c. — she begs indulgence in consideration of her earnest wish to bring your beautiful poems within reach of the youth of all nations on the Continent.

Mary Emerson.

CONTENTS.

A.D. A.D. C. C.			mber oem.
ADAMS, Mrs.		_	
Nearer my God to Thee		•	10%
A. D. H. (Don). Mildly judge ye			107
	•	•	187
ALEXANDER, Mrs.			1
All things beautiful		•	1
ALLINGHAM, Wm., born 1828.			90
Wishing		•	90
ARNOLD, Sir Edwin. The emperor's breakfast			109
The emperor's breakfast		•	190
BELLOWS, Isabel F.			
mi 1 1 4 0 70 111 T 1 1			188
The legend of Rabbi Jehorah BENJAMIN.		•	100
Press on			159
BJÖRNSON, Björnstjerne, born 1832.		•	2.70
The tree			132
BLACKETT.			20.0
The dying horse			72
BONAR, Rev. H.			
He liveth long			167
Thy way not mine		,	181
BOSTWICK, Helen.			
Little Dandelion			98
BROWNING, Mrs. Elizabeth B., born 1809, died			
A lesson			123
BROWNING, Rob., born 1812.			
Incident of the french camp			60
How they brought the good news from Ghent t	0 F	Aix	65
11011 1110) 01046111 1110 600			

	Number	
BRYANT, Wm. Cullen, born 1794, died 1878.	of poem.	1
The cost of a pleasure	. 111	
The gladness of nature	. 129)
The woodman and the sandal tree	. 135	5
BUCKHAM, James.		
The Angel Death	. 199	À
BURNS, Rob., born 1759, died 1706.	. 100	
My heart 's in the Highlands	. 92)
BYROM.	a 0%	1
Spectacles, or helps to read	. 46	2
BYRON, Lord George Gordon, born 1788, died 188) de:	1
Tenhthe's devanter	. 68	5
Jephtha's daughter	· 00	-
Mazeppa	. 71	
She walks in beauty	. 171	
The destruction of Senacherib	. 64	ł
CARDDETT OF THEMSELE		
CAMPBELL, Thos., born 1777, died 1844.		
Exile of Erin		
Hohenlinden	. 61	Ĺ
CAREW, Lady E.		
True greatness	: 119)
CARY, Alice, born 1822, died 1871.		
The "Gray Swan"	. 58	2
The "Gray Swan"		
Nearer my home	. 17	3
Suppose	15	2
The chicken's mistake	3	1
COLERIDGE, S. T., born 1772, died 1834.		ı
Answer to a child's question	1/	5
The best prayer	14	25
The best prayer	· 17	1
The old armchair	. 14	0
CORNWAII Barry born 1700 died 1071	, 14.	~
To a flavor	. 10	3
To a flower	. 1%	~
Tiberter	. 0	C
Liberty	. 8	7
COWPER, Wm., born 1731, died 1800.		
God, the author of nature	. 14	4
Seinsnness	17	4
The loss of the Royal George	5	A.C.
The solitude of Alexander Selkirk	' . 8	18

DOSBELL, Sidney.		mber poem.
How 's my boy?	•	51
Little Sorrow		43
The motherless Turkeys		14
EMERSON, Ralf Waldo, born 1803, died 1882.		
The Apology		126
The Apology The house		138
The Mountain and the Squirrel EVERETT, Edward, born 1794, died 1865.		20
EVERETT, Edward, born 1794, died 1865.		
The Infant orator		38
FAWCETT, Edgar, born 1847.		
The unsociable colt		16
FIELDS, James T., born 1820.		1.10
The captain's daughter	٠	140
GILMAN, Mrs.		
The child's wish in Tune	,	8
The child's wish in June		
The village-preacher		85
The village-preacher		86
HAREGAL, Frances Ridley.		
Chosen lessons		191
Tiny tokens I, II		192
A Song in the night		196
A Song in the night		
Bernardo del Carpio		69
Casabianca		57
Coeur-de-Lion at the bier of his father		70
Dirge at Sea		58
Landing of the pilgrim fathers		48
The better land	 •	177
The child's first griet		7
The coronation of Inez de Castro		67
The graves of a household		32
HOLMES, Oliver Wendell.		195
Hamp of Tries		1 +1+7

HOOD, Thos., born 1798, died 1845	of p	oem.
HOOD, Thos., born 1798, died 1845. I remember, I remember	-	150
Queen Mab	٠	190
Queen Mab. The song of the shirt HOUGHTON, Lord, born 1809	•	1 1 1
HOUGHTON, Lord, born 1809.	•	1++
Lady Moon		199
Lady Moon	•	133
		100
The fire	•	125
The fire The monkey The spider and the fire	٠	13
The spider and the fly	•	23
The use of flowers		127
HOWITT, Wm., born 1795.	•	121
The wind in a frolic		25
		40
Abou Ben Adhem Jaffar On a look of Milton's hair		106
Jaffar		76
On a look of Milton's hair	•	165
	٠	100
JACKSON, HELEN (H. H.), died 1885.		
A last prayer		185
Trouble w, Jean, born 1850.		100
Seven times one		33
Seven times two		42
		109
The singing lesson JONSON, Ben., born 1574, died 1637.		39
JONSON, Ben., born 1574, died 1637	•	99
True growth		190
	•	1.5()
KEATS, John, born 1799, died 1820.		
The all-pervading influence of beauty		156
The Grasshopper		21
The human seasons		157
NINGSLEY, Chas., born 1819, died 1875		1.77
Three fishermen		75
	•	4
KRILOV, born 1768, died 1844.	•	+
The Ass and the Nightingale		41
	•	41
LILLIPUT LECTURES.		
The child's world		36

Contents.	XIII
-----------	------

												mber
LONGFELLOW, Henry,	, bo	rn	18	07.	di	ed	18	82			ot 1	poem.
Afternoon in February												163
A Psalm of life												180
Changed												158
Day-break	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•		•		26
Footstens of angels	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	Ţ,	169
Footsteps of angels . King Olaf's war-horns	٠	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	,	63
Snow Askes	•	•		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	
Snow-flakes												
Something left undone		•	•	•	٠	٠	٠	•	•	•		113
The arrow and the sor	ng	•	٠	٠	•	٠	•	•	٠	٠	•	151
The children's hour .	~	٠	٠	•	٠	٠	•	٠	٠	•	•	
The rainy day			٠		•			,	٠	٠		116
The Reaper and the f												
The singers				٠				•				114
The singers	4	4										87 11
In starr of home is be	12											- 1 1
Weariness												153
Weariness LOWELL, James R., bo	orn	181	[9.									
The beggar												100
The fountain												130
LUDLOW, Fitz-Hugh												
The school												35
MACDONALD, Geo., be	orn	18	26.									
The baby												29
The shadows												117
MACKAY, Chas., born	181	2.										
The miller of Dee .												44
The ship on fire	Ť.											50
The ship on fire MILTON, John, born 16	607.	di	ed	16	74.							
On his blindness	,,											164
Song. May morning	•	•	•		•	•			Ċ	Ů		137
MONTGOMERY, James	· h	· nrn	12	71	di	ed.	18	51	•	•	•	101
Arnold Winkelried .	, 0	J1 11	11	, 1,	Q.	ica	10)Ox				66
	•	٠	•	•	•	٠	•	•	•	٠	•	00
MOORE, Clement.												37
Christmas times		1.	٠,	10	•	•	•	•	•		•	01
MOORE, Thos., born 17	780,	Q1	ea	18)%.							90
Erin		•				-	•				٠	170
The bird let loose					٠						•	170
The evening bells .				٠			*		•	•		110
The light of other day	'S											149

MOORE, Thos., born 1780, died 1852.			mber ooem.
This world is all a fleeting show			178
When o'er the silent seas alone			104
MORRIS George P. born 1802			
A leap for life			53
Woodman, spare that tree			131
TO COLLEGE AND LESS TO THE TOTAL PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF T			
NEWMAN, J. H., born 1801.			
Flowers without fruit	, ;		101
Flowers without fruit			
Bingen on the Rhine OLDYS, W., born 1696, died 1761.			54
OLDYS, W., born 1696, died 1761.			
To a fly			112
PERCIVAL, James G., born 1795, died 1856.			
Sonnet			97
POLLOK, Robert, born 1790, died 1827.			
Opposition of character			84
POPE, Alexander, born 1688, died 1744.			
The dog Argus	-6		74
The dog Argus			
A comforter , , ,			143
A crown of sorrow			118
A lost chord			148
Give me thy heart			154
In the wood			108
One by one			172
The storm			47
Unseen			121
DOSETTI Christing hour 1007			
ROSETTI, Christina, born 1827.			1.00
Up-hill		۰	100
SCOTT Sir Welter horn 1771 died 1920			
SCOTT, Sir Walter, born 1771, died 1832.			0.1
Pibroch of Donald Dhu	- 4		94
The love of country	10		94
Henry VI only of a shorbard's life			امرد
Henry VI. envy of a shepherd's life		٠	
Henry IV. soliloquy on sleep			177
Mercy (Portia's speech)			1+1
Polonius' advice to his son	, a		79

SHAKESPEARE, William, born 1564, died 1616.			mber poem.
Song of the fairy			40
		٠	80
SHELLEY Porcy Pyroche horn 1700 died 1900	٠	٠	00
SHELLEY, Percy Bysshe, born 1792, died 1822.			10-
The world's wanderers		٠	105
SIGUURNEY, Lydia H., Dorn 1791, died 1860.			0.0
Science and religion			83
SOUTHEY, Mrs., born 1787, died 1854.			
To the Lady-Bird		٠	19
SOUTHEY, Robert, born 1774, died 1843.			~ ^
The battle of Blenheim			56
The Inchcape Rock			49
SPENCER, Êdm., born 1553, died 1599.			
Beth Gellert			73
STACY, Joel.			
Great expectations			17
STODDARD, R. H.			
There are gains for our losses			96
TAYLOR, Bayard, born 1825, died 1878.			
A night with a wolf			45
A night with a wolf			
The violet			124
TENNYSON, Lord Alfred, born 1816.			
Break, break			162
Charge of the Light Brigade			62
Cradle song	Ì		28
Little Birdie		·	5
Little Birdie	,	•	128
The deserted house			166
			103
The flower			95
The new Year	•		139
The poet's song	•	٠	109
THAXTER, Celia.			198
A Prayer	٠	•	190
TRENCH, Richard C., Archbishop, born 1807.			1772
A dewdrop falling	٠	٠	107
UNKNOWN.			
Aspire			194
A warning			9
AL TIME SALES OF THE SALES OF T	-		_

Number

UNKNOWN.								0	f p	oem.
Confiding in God's gracious	care									186
Each can do something .										10
Home sweet home										110
Knowledge and Power										190
Little by little										2
Prayer										179
To a sad little girl										197
Spring										3
The child Jesus in the gard	len									176
The child-judge										141
The child-judge The moss rose										102
					•		•		•	20.0
VERE, Aubrey de, born 1814	4. di	ed	18	ĭ8.						
A sonnet										161
WATTS, Isaac, born 1674, d	ied]	174	8.							
A cradle song										27
WARNER, L. G.										
										134
Friends	735.									- 0 11
A child's hymn										6
A child's hymn WHITTIER, John Greenleaf,	bor	n 1	80	7.						
In schooldays										24
In schooldays										175
The Orioles										22
Thy will be done		Ĭ								183
Thy will be done WILLIS, M. P., born 1817,	died	18	67.							100
Ambition										81
Saturday afternoon		Ì					Ĭ			152
Saturday afternoon WOLFE, Rev. Chas., born 1	791.	die	ed	18:	23.					2010
The burial of Sir John Mo	ore.									59
WOOLSEY, Theodore D.										-
The burden bearers										189
The burden bearers WORDSWORTH, Wm., bor	n 12	'00	. di	ied	12	48	Ì	•	•	100
May		-	,		,	10				99
May										93
We are seven										31

-->#←---

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

			of r	oem.
A beggar through the world am I	J. R. Lowell .			155
Abou Ben Adhem, - may his	T 1 7 T7 .			100
tribe increase — A certain artist, I've forgot his	Leigh Hunt .	٠	٠	106
name	Byrom			46
A dewdrop, falling on the wild				
sea wave	R. C. Trench .			107
A fire 's a good companionable	7.6 77 14			1 2"
friend	Mary Howitt .			125
A little chick one day	Phoebe Cary .			84
A little fairy comes at night .	Thos. Hood			18
All things bright and beautiful	Mrs. Alexander			1
Among the thistles on the hill	Marian Douglas			43
An ass, a nightingale espied .	Krilow			41
A nightingale made a mistake.	J. Ingelow			39
A simple child	W. Wordsworth			31
A soldier of the Legion lay				
dying in Algiers	Car, Norton .			54
A sorrow, wet with early tears	A. Proctor			118
A tender child of summers three	J. G. Whittier			175
A thing of beauty is a joy forever	7. Keats			156
A wind came up out of the sea	Long fellow			26
22 Wind came up out of the sea	230718 3 000000 1 1			
Beside yon straggling fence	Ol. Goldsmith .			86
Beside the sandal tree a wood-				
man stood	W. C. Bryant.			135
Between the dark and the day-				
light	Long fellow			151
	~ ~		44	

				mber
D 1 1 1 1 1	7			poem.
Break, break, break	Tennyson	•	•	102
so dead	Sir W. Scott .			94
"Bring forth the horse!" — the	D			71
horse was brought	Byron W. Oldys	٠	•	112
Busy, curious, thirsty Fly	Mary Howitt .	*	•	
Buttercups and Daisies	111ary 110will .	•	•	100
Cold was the day	Unknown		•	176
Dawn, gentle flower!	Barry Cornwall			122
the way	Chr. Rosetti .			160
Down in the green and shady bed				124
Do you ask what the birds say	J. Taylor S. T. Coleridge			15
Earth has not anything Erin, the tear and the smile in	Wordsworth .		٠	93
thine eyes	Thos. Moore .			90
Ev'ry little grape, dear,	Joel Stacy			17
7 0 1 7				
Father, I scarcely dare to pray	H. Jackson			185
Fifteen centuries ago	Sir Ed. Arnold			193
From the outskirts of the town	Long fellow			
Four little mouths agape forever	J. G. Whittier			22
Four seasons fill the measure of	John Keats			157
the year	John Reas	۰	•	157
Gay little Dandelion	Helen Bostwick			98
Give thy thoughts no tongue .	Shakespeare .			wo
Glory to thee, my God, this night	Unknown			100
God might have bade the earth				~00
bring forth	Mary Howitt .			. 127
God sent his singers upon earth	Long fellow			M -4 4
Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful	03			
world	Lilliput Lectures			. 36
Half a league, half a league .	Tennyson			. 62
Heaven! what enormous strength				
does death possess				
Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups	Fean Invelow .			109

Index of first lines.					
		Nu	mber ooem.		
He liveth long, who liveth well	Rev. H. Bonar				
He prayeth best, who loveth best		•	145		
Ho, sailor of the sea!			21		
How many thousand of my	*	•			
poorest subjects	Shakespeare		77		
slumber	Isaac Watts		27		
I am monarch of all I survey. I come from the haunts of coot	W. Cowper		88		
and hern I hear thee speak of the better	Tennyson		128		
land	Mrs. Hemans		177		
companies	Th. D. Woolsey .		189		
shall dare	El. Cook		142		
I love to look on a scene like this	N. P. Willis		152		
In the way that he shall choose	Fr. R. Havergal .		191		
I take this pain, Lord Jesus .	Fr. R. Havergal.		196		
In the wood where shadows are					
deepest	A. Proctor		108		
Into the sunshine	J. R. Lowell		130		
I remember, I remember I saw, on the top of a mountain	Thos. Hood	•	150		
high	J. Percival		97		
I shot an arrow into the air .	Long fellow	•	113		
I sprang to the stirrup, and					
Joris, and he	R. Browning	•	65		
	W. C. Bryant		129		
sad	Ben. Jonson		120		
It lies before me there	Leigh Hunt		165		
It was a summer's evening	R. Southey		56		
It was a summers evening	R. Southey	•	90		
Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good Vizier	Leigh Hunt		76		
Knowledge of right, Power to resist evil	Unknown		190		

			moer
Labor with what zeal we will	Long fellow	01	poem.
Lady-bird! Lady-bird, fly away	20,78,700000	·	, 0.,
home	Mrs. Southey		19
Lady Moon! Lady Moon where			
are you roving	Lord Houghton .		133
Let us be content, in work	Mrs. Browning .		123
Life and Thought have gone away	Tennyson		166
Little drops of water	Unknown		2
Little girl, where do you go to			
school	Fitz-Hugh-Ludlow		35
Little one, come to my knee	Bayard Taylor .		45
Loving Jesus, meek and mild .	C. Wesley	٠	6
"Make way for liberty" he cried	Montgomery		66
'Mid pleasures and palaces, though	monigomery	•	00
we may roam	Unknown		110
Mildly judge ye of each other.	A. D. H. ("Don")	•	187
My fairest child, I have no song	22. 20. 22. 2000	•	101
to give you	Charles Kingsley .		4
My heart's in the Highlands.	Rob. Burns		92
My little boy, with pale, round			
cheeks	Macdonald		117
Monkey, little merry fellow	M. Howitt		13
Mother, mother! the winds are			
at play	Mrs. Gilman		8
N	***		
Nearer my God to Thee	Mrs. S. Adams .		182
Near yonder copse, where once	07 (7.13 117		
the garden smil'd	Ol. Goldsmith		85
Never cease aspiring	Unknown		194
North-Wind came whistling	I C Wannan		104
through the wood No stir in the air, no stir in	L. G. Warner .	•	134
the sea	R. Southey		49
the sea	Rev. C. Wolfe .		59
Now the bright morning star .	J. Milton		137
and the bright morning star .	j. 212 (00010		107
O Father! Thou whose potent			
hand	Celia Thaxter		198
Off in the stilly night	Thos. Moore		149
Oh call my brother back to me	Mrs. Hemans		7

Index of fire	rst lines.	XXI
	Nu	mber
011431 31 431	of	poem.
Oh! tell me sailor, tell me true Oh, if the selfish knew how much	Alice Cary	52
they lost	W. Cowper	174
Old Ironsides at anchor lay .	Morris	53
O little feet! that such long years	Long fellow	153
O Love Divine, that stooped to		
share	O. Wendell Holmes .	
One by one the sands are flowing	A. Proctor	
Once in a golden hour	Tennyson	103
On Linden, when the sun was low One man there was — and many	Th. Campbell	61
such you might	R. Pollok	84
One sweetly solemn thought .	Phoebe Cary	173
Out of the bosom of the Air .	Long fellow	
O'er all that flutter their wings	33	
and fly	Long fellow	11
Over hill and over dale	Long fellow	40
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	Sir W. Scott	91
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire Press on! surmount the rocky	Unknown	179
steeps	Benjamin	159
Prune thou thy words	J. H. Newmann	
Rabbi Jehorah, ancient, rich and		
wise	Isabel F. Bellows	188
Primrose	W. Allingham	30
Ring 'out wild bells, tho' the	3	
wild sky	Tennyson	95
Sad is our youth, for it is forever		
going	Aubrey de Vere	161
Seated one day at the Organ .	A. Proctor	148
See a pin, and pick it up	Unknown	9
Since our Country, our God, —		**
oh my Sire	Byron	68
She walks in beauty like the	2),000	-00
night	Byron	171
night		
of clover	Edg. Fawcett	16

Sleep! — we give thee to the			mber poem.
wave	Mrs. Hemans		58
wave	J. G. Whittier .		24
Suppose, my little lady,	Phoebe Cary	•	12
Strange, how we think of Death	James Buckham .	•	199
"Strike the sails!" King Olaf	J		100
said	Long fellow		63
said	Tennyson		28
Tell me not in mournful numbers	Long fellow		180
Tell me, thou star whose wings			
of light	P. B. Shelley		105
The Angel of the flowers one day	Unknown		102
The Assyrian came down like			
the wolf on the fold	Byron		64
The bird let loose in Eastern			
skies	Thos. Moore		170
The boy stood on the burning			
deck	Mrs. Hemans		57
The breaking waves dashed high	Mrs. Hemans		48
The cock is crowing	Wordsworth		99
The day is ending	Long fellow		163
The day is cold, and dark, and			
dreary	Long fellow		116
The fairest action of our human	7 1 70 0		
life	Lady E. Carew .	٠	119
The flowers are blooming every-	77 . 7		_
where	Unknown		3
The memory of a kindly word	Fr. R. Havergal.		192
The Mountain and the Squirrel	R. W. Emerson .		20
The murmur of a waterfall.	Fr. R. Havergal.		192
The poetry of earth is never dead	John Keats	•	21
The quality of mercy is not	Clarkest		1.4%
strain'd	Shakespeare		147
There are gains for all our losses	Tennyson	٠	139
There are more things in Heaven	Stoddard	•	96
and Earth	A. Proctor		191
There came to the beach a poor	xx, x,0000/ , , ,		1 2 1
exile of Erin	Thos. Campbell .		89

Index of fi	rst lines.		Nu	XIII mber poem.
There dwelt a miller, hale and			O1	pocii.
bold	Chas. Mackay .		٠	44
is Death	Longfellow			184
and clover	J. Ingelow			33
and clover	R. W. Emerson		•	
There lives and works	Cowper			
There was music on the mid-				
night	Mrs. Hemans .			67
sound	Spencer	٠		73
furious and fast	Chas. Mackay .			50
The tempest rages wild and high	A. Proctor		Ĭ.	47
The Tree's early leaf-buds	A. Proctor B. Björnson .			132
The warrior bow'd his crested	Mas Damas			200
head	Mrs. Hemans .			69
The White Turkey was dead.	M. Douglas	٠	•	14
The wind one morning, sprang up				25 25
They grew in beauty, side by side	Mrs. Hemans .	٠	•	32
Think me not unkind and rude	R. W. Emerson			
This world is all a fleeting show Those evening bells! those	Moore			
evening bells	Thos. Moore .	٠	٠	115
into the west	Č. Kingsley			75
Thus far hear me, Cromwell .	Shakespeare .	,		80
Thus, near the gates conferring				
as they drew	Pope			74
Thy way, not mine, O Lord .	Rev. H. Bonar			181
Toll for the brave!	Wm. Cowper .			55
Forches were blazing clear	Mrs. Hemans .			70
T was the night before Christmas	C. Moore	4	٠	37
Under a spreading chestnut tree	Long fellow W. C. Bryant .			87
We see not, know not We were crowded in the cabin	J. G. Whittier			183
We were crowded in the cabin	J. T. Fields .			140
What does little birdie s.v	Tennyson			5

					poem.
What gives the mind its latent				·	
strength to scan	Sigourney .				83
What if the little rain should say	Unknown .				10
What is ambition? 'T is a glo-					
rious cheat	Willis				81
When I consider how my light					
is spent					164
When o'er the silent seas alone	Moore	٠	٠	٠	104
When the hours of day are	T (° 17				100
numbered	Long fellow.				169
Where did you come from, Baby	71717				20
Where hast thou been toiling	Macdonald .	٠	•	•	29
all day, sweetheart	Unknown .				1/11
Where honor, or where conscience	Onknown .	٠	۰		141
does not bind	A. Cowley .				. 89
Will she come to me, little Effie	A. Proctor .				
Will you walk into my parlor	Mary Howitt				
With echoing steps the wor-					140
shippers	A. Proctor .				154
With fingers weary and worn	Thos. Hood .		,		144
Woodmann spare that tree	G. P. Morris	٠			131
Would that I were dead! if					
God's good will were so .	Shakespeare '				78
You bells in the steeple, ring,					
ring out your changes	J. Ingelow .				
You'd scarce expect one of my age	Ed. Everett		•		38
You know, we French stormed	70 7 70 '				0.0
Ratisbon	Rob. Brownin	8	,		60
You say you are ugly	From Harper'		ou	ng	197

PART I.

SPRING-TIME.





1. ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river, running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,

The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is the Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

Mrs. C. J. Alexander.

2. LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little drops of water,

Little grains of sand,

Make the mighty ocean

And the beauteous land.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

3. SPRING.

The flowers are blooming everywhere,
On every hill and dell,
And oh, how beautiful they are,
How sweetly do they smell.

The little birds now hop along
And look so glad and gay;
I love to hear their pleasant song,
I feel as glad as they.

The young lambs bleat and frisk about,
The bees hum round the hive,
The butterflies are coming out;
'Tis good to be alive!

4. ALBUM VERSES.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe the skies so dull and grey;
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will, be clever; Do noble things, not dream them, all day long: And so make life, death, and that vast forever One grand sweet song.

Charles Kingsley.

5. LITTLE BIRDIE.

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly", says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away".
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger".
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie
"Let me rise and fly away".
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away".

Alfred Tennyson.

6. A CHILD'S HYMN.

Loving Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a little child! Make me gentle as Thou art, Come and live within my heart. Take my childish hand in thine, Guide these little feet of mine. So shall all my happy days Sing their pleasant song of praise; And the world shall always see Christ, the holy Child, in me!

C. Wesley.

7. THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

"Oh! call my brother back to me,
I can not play alone,
The summer comes, with flower and bee,
Where is my brother gone?

"The butterfly is glancing bright,
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight,
Oh, call my brother back!

"The flowers run wild, the flowers we sowed Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load;
Oh, call him back to me!"

"He would not hear thy voice, sweet child,
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like springtime smiled,
No more on earth thou'lt see!

"A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given:
Go, thou must play alone, my boy,
Thy brother is in heaven".

"And has he left the birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain;
And through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again?

"And by the brook, and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!"

Felicia Hemans.

8. THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

Mother, Mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee let me be idle today,
Look, dear Mother, the flowers lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.

See how slowly the streamlet glides;

Look how the violet roguishly hides;

Even the butterfly rests on the rose,

And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
And the flies go about him one by one,
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.

There flies a bird to a neighboring tree
But very lazily flutters he;
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
And scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but Mother, hear,
How the humdrum grasshopper soundeth near
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh! I wish, I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear Mother, o'er thee.

Mrs. Gilman.

9. A WARNING.

See a pin, and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin, and let it lie,
Come to sorrow by and by.

10. EACH CAN DO SOMETHING.

What if the little rain should say, "So small a drop as I Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields; I'll tarry in the sky".

What if the shining beam of noon Should in its fountain stay, Because its single light alone Can not create a day.

Does not each rain-drop help to form The cool refreshing shower? And every ray of light to warm And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give O Lord! to truth and Thee; So shall its power by all be felt, However small it be.

Unknoun.

11. TO STAY AT HOME IS BEST.

O'er all that flutter their wings and fly, A hawk is hovering in the sky; To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest; The bird is safest in its nest.

Long fellow.

12. SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head;
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And would n't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down;
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And would n't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get;
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And would n't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair;
Will it tire you less while walking
To say "It is n't fair?"
And would n't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world dont please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And is n't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or does n't come
To do the best you can?

Phoebe Cary.

13. THE MONKEY.

Monkey, little merry fellow,

Thou art Nature's Punchinello;
Full of fun as Puck could be

Harlequin might learn of thee!

In the very ark no doubt,
You went frolicking about,
Never keeping in your mind
Drowned Monkeys left behind.

Have you no traditions? none
Of the court of Solomon?
No memorial, how you went
With Prince Hiram's armament?

Look at him now! slily peep;

He pretends he is asleep;
Fast asleep upon his bed,

With his arm beneath his head.

Now that posture is not right,
And he is not settled quite;
There! that's better than before —
And the knave begins to snore.

Ha! he is not half asleep;
See, he slyly takes a peep.
Monkey, though your eyes were shut,
You could see this little nut.

You shall have it, pigmy brother! What! another! and another! Nay, your cheeks are like a sack; Sit down and begin to crack.

There the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as crack he can!
Now goodbye, my merry fellow,
Nature's primest Punchinello.

Mary Howitt.

14. THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.

The White Turkey was dead! The White Turkey was dead!

How the news through the barnyard went flying!
Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,
And their case for assistance was crying.
E'en the Peacock respectfully folded his tail,
As a suitable symbol of sorrow,
And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,
Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?
And when evening around them comes dreary and
chill,

Who above them will watchfully hover?"
"Two, each night, I will tuck 'neath my wings', said the Duck,

"Though I've eight of my own I must cover".

"I have so much to do! For the bugs and the worms, In the garden, 't is tiresome pickin'; I have nothing to spare—for my own I must care", Said the Hen with one chicken.

"How I wish", said the Goose, "I could be of some use,

For my heart is with love overbrimming;
The next morning that's fine, they shall go with
my nine

Little, yellow-backed goslings, out swimming!"
"I will do what I can", the old Dorking put in,
And for help they may call on me too,
Though I've ten of my own that are only half
grown,

And a great deal of trouble to see to.
But these poor little things, they are all heads and
wings.

And their bones through their feathers are stickin'!"
"Very hard it may be, but, O dont come to me!"
Said the Hen with one chicken.

"Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows, — I'm the most overburdened of mothers!

They must learn, little elves! how to scratch for themselves,

And not seek to depend upon others".

She went by with a cluck, and the Goose and the

Exclaimed, in surprise, "Well, I never!"
Said the Duck, "I declare, those who have the least care,

You will find, are complaining forever!

And when all things appear to look threatening and drear.

And when troubles your pathway are thick in, For aid in your woe, O, beware how you go To a Hen with one chicken!"

Marian Douglas.

15. ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove.

The linnet, and thrush say "I love, and I love!" In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong; What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song. But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather.

And singing and loving — all come back together. But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love, The green fields below him, the blue sky above, That he sings and he sings, and forever sings he: "I love my Love, and my Love loves me".

S. F. Coleridge.

16. THE UNSOCIABLE COLT.

Shy little colt, here's a handful of clover; Let us be friends, and begin from today. Look, I am tall, and can reach the bars over -Pretty brown frisker, dont gallop away!

I know if you'd wait a minute to hear me, Without shooting off in such terrified style, You would very soon make up your mind not to fear me. But listen until I had gossiped awhile.

There's shaggy old Neptune, he thinks it no danger To come when I call, but a matter of course. Mamma says it's naugthy to run from a stranger, As I hope you'll agree, sir, before you're a horse.

Is that your Mamma by the lily-pool yonder?
She is sleeker than you, and more gentle-eyed,
Is she scolding you now for bad conduct, I wonder,
In the whinny she gives, as you bound to her side?

Well Nep! Let's be off in the woods for a ramble, And leave Master Colt for his own ugly mood, I dare say he'll canter and frolic and gambol, Without the least sorrow at having been rude.

But one of these days, when his play-time is over, When he's broken to harness and whipped till he

Perhaps he'll remember the handful of clover,
And think what a blessing is kindness, who knows?

Mag. "St. Nicholas".

Edgar Fawcett.

17. GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Ev'ry little grape, dear, that clings unto a vine, Expects some day to ripen its little drop of wine.

Ev'ry little girl, I think, expects in time to be Exactly like her own Mamma — as grand and sweet and free!

Ev'ry little boy who has a pocket of his own,
Expects to be the biggest man the world has ever
known.

Ev'ry little piggy-wig that makes its little wail Expects to be a great big pig with a very curly tail.

Ev'ry little lambkin, too, that frisks upon the green, Expects to be the finest sheep that ever yet was seen.

Ev'ry little baby colt expects to be a horse, Ev'ry little pup expects to be a dog, of course.

Ev'ry little kitten pet, so tender and so nice, Expects to be a grown up cat and live on rats and mice.

Ev'ry little fluffy chick, in downy yellow drest, Expects some day to crow and strut, or cackle at its best.

Ev'ry little baby bird that peeps from out its nest, Expects some day to cross the sky from glowing east to west.

Now ev'ry hope l've mentioned here will bring its sure event,

Provided nothing happens, dear, to hinder or prevent.

Mag. "St. Nicholas".

Joel Stacy.

. 18. QUEEN MAB.

A little fairy comes at night,

Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,

And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand
And when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round his head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish.

Of arbors filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glowworms shining in the shade.

And talking birds, with gifted tongues
For singing songs, and telling tales;
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she waves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly horrid things!

The lions come, with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

And wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

Thomas Hood.

19. TO THE LADY-BIRD.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home; —
The field mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home, —
The glowworm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home, —
Good luck if you reach it at last!
The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on the roam,
Sharp set from their Ramazan fast.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home, —
The fairy bells tinkle afar!

Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home, —
To your house in the old willow-tree,
Where your children, so dear, have invited the ant
And a few cosy neighbors to tea.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home, —
And if not gobbled up by the way,
Nor yok'd by the fairies to Oberon's car,
You're in luck—and that's all I've to say.

Mrs. Southey.

20. THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The Mountain and the Squirrel Had a quarrel And the former called the latter "Little Prig". Bun replied: "You are doubtless very big; But all sorts of things and weather Must be taken in together To make up a year, And a sphere; And I think it no disgrace To occupy my place. If I'm not as large as you You're not so small as I, And not half so spry; I'll not deny you make A very pretty squirrel-track, Talents differ; all is well and wisely put; If I cannot carry forests on my back, Neither can you crack a nut. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

21. THE GRASSHOPPER.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new mown mead:
That is the grass-hopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury, he has never done
With his delights, for, when tired out with fun,
He rests with ease beneath some pleasant weed.

Keats.

22. THE ORIOLES.

Four little mouths agape for ever; Four little throats which are never full; Four little nestlings, who dissever One big worm, by a mighty pull.

Up on a limb — the lazy fellow! —
Perches the father, bold and gay,
Proud of his coat of black and yellow,
Always singing throughout the day.

Close at their side, the watchful mother, Quietly sober in dress and song, Chooses her place, and asks no other, Flying and gleaning all day long.

Four little mouths in time grow smaller,
Four little throats in time are filled;
Four little nestlings quite appall her,
Spreading their wings for the sun to gild.

Lazy no longer sits the father, —
His is the care of the singing school;
He must teach them to fly, and gather
Splendid worms by the nearest pool.

Singing away on the shaken branches,
Under the light of a happy sun;
Dropping through blossoms like avalanches,
Father Oriole's work is done.

Four little beaks their mouths embolden,
Four little throats are round and strong;
Four little nestlings, fledged and golden,
Graduate in the world of song.

John G. Whittier.

23. THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said a spider to a fly;
"'T is the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things
To show you when you're there".
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly,
"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair,
Can n'er come down again".

"I'm sure you must be weary
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around,
The sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in".
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly,
"For I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,

Said the cunning spider to the fly,
"Dear friend what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?
I have, within my pantry,
Good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—
Will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly,
"Kind sir, that can not be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see".

Who sleep upon your bed".

"Sweet creature", said the spider,
"You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings,
How brilliant are your eyes.
I have a little looking glass
Upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself".

"I thank you, gentle sir, she said,
For what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning, now,
I'll call another day".

The spider turned him round about, And went into his den, For well he knew the silly fly Would soon be back again; So he wove a subtle thread In a little corner sly, And set his table ready To dine upon the fly. He went out to his door again, And merrily did sing, "Come hither, hither, pretty fly, With pearl and silver wing; Your robes are green and purple, There's a crest upon your head; Your eyes are like the diamond bright, But mine are dull as lead".

Alas, alas! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by.
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew—
Thought only of her brilliant eyes,
And green and purple hue;
Thought only of her crested head,—
Poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor — but
She ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you ne'er give heed:
Unto an evil counsellor
Close heart and ear and eye,
And learn a lesson from this tale
Of the spider and the fly.

Mary Howitt.

24. IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road, A ragged beggar sunning; Around it still the sumachs grow And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun Shone over it at setting; Lit up its western window-panes And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hands light carressing,
He heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word.

I hate to go above you,
Because", — the brown eyes lower fell, —
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

How few who pass above him

Lament their triumph and his loss,

Like her, — because they love him.

John G. Whittier.

25. THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep, Saying, "Now for a frolic! Now for a leap! Now for a madcap galloping chase! I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town, Creaking the signs and scattering down Shutters, and whisking with merciless squalls, Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls. There never was heard a much lustier shout, As the apples and oranges tumbled about; And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes Forever on watch, ran off with each prize. Then away to the fields, it went blustering and humming,

And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming. It plucked by their tails the grave, matronly cows, And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows, Till, offended at such a familiar salute, They all turned their backs and stood silently mute. So on it went, capering and playing its pranks; Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks; Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray, Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.
'T was so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and

Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm Striking their inmates with sudden alarm; And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm. There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,

To see if their poultry were free from mishaps; The turkeys, they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud.

And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd; There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on, Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon

to be gone.

But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane With a school boy, who panted and struggled in vain.

For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood

With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

William Howitt.

26. DAY-BREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea, And said, "O mists, make room for me".

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on Ye mariners, the night is gone".

And hurried landward far away, Crying, "Awake! it is the day".

It said unto the forest, "Shout! Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the woodbird's folded wing. And said "O bird, awake and sing".

And o'er the farms, "O Chanticleer, Your clarion blow; the day is near".

It whispered to the fields of corn, "Bow down and hail the coming morn".

It shouted to the belfry-tower "Awake, O, bell! proclaim the hour".

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie!"

Long feliow.

27. A CRADLE SONG.

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber; Holy angels guard thy bed! Heavenly blessings without number Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe: thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the son of God could be,
When from Heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle; Coarse and hard thy Savior lay; When his birthplace was a stable, And his softest bed was hay,

See the kindly shepherds round him,

Telling wonders from the sky!

Where they sought him, there they found him,

With his Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing:
Lovely infant—how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling! here's no danger!
Here's no ox a-near thy bed!

— May'st thou live to know and fear him, Trust and love him all thy days: Then go dwell forever near him; See his face and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire: Not a mother's fondest wishes Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts.

Alfred Tennyson.

28. CRADLE SONG.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breath and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the waters rolling go;
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me:
While my little one, while my little one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest;
Silver sails all out in the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

29. THE BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear? "Out of the everywhere into the here".

Where did you get your eyes so blue? "Out of the sky as I came through".

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin? "Some of the starry spikes left in".

Where did you get that little tear? "I found it waiting when I got here".

What makes your forehead so smooth and high? "A soft hand stroked it as I went by".

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose? "Something better than any one knows",

Whence that three cornered smile of bliss? "Three angels gave me at once a kiss".

Where did you get that pearly ear? "God spoke, and it came out to hear".

Where did you get those arms and hands? "Love made itself into hooks and bands".

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things? "From the same box as the cherub's wings".

How did they all just come to be you? "God thought about me, and so I grew".

But how did you come to us, you dear? "God thought of you, and so I am here".

30. WISHING.

Ring—ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright-yellow Primrose, blowing in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

O—no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin, or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover
For mother's kiss — sweeter this
Than any other thing.

William Allingham.

31. WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all", she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them, with my mother".

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be".

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree".

"You run about, my little maid, Your limbs, they are alive; If two are in the churchyard laid, Then you are only five".

"Their graves are green, they may be seen",
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side".

"How many are you then", said I,
"If there are two in Heaven!"
The little maiden did reply,
"O Master! we are seven".

"But they are dead; those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven!"
"Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will;
And said, "Nay, we are seven".

William Wordsworth.

32. THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side;
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night O'er each fair sleeping brow; She had each folded flower in sight: Where are those sleepers now? One, midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid:
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the lone blue sea hath one;

He lays where pearls lie deep;

He was the loved of all, yet none

O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed Above the noble slain; He wrapped the colors round his breast On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft wind fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers —
The last of that fair band.

And parted thus, they rest who played Beneath the same green tree, Whose voices mingled as they prayed Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with songs the hearth;
Alas for love! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!

Mrs. Hemans.

33. SEVEN TIMES ONE (THE SEVENTH BIRTH-DAY).

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birth-day lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! In the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing,
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?

I hope if you have, you'll soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow, You've powdered your legs with gold! O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow, Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper!
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;

I will not steal them away;

I am old! you may trust me linnet linnet.

I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet — I am seven times one today!

Fean Ingelow "Songs of seven".

34. THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A little chick one day
Asked leave to go on the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed she began to peep and cry,
When her mother would n't let her;
"If the ducks can swim there, why can't I?
Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered: "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet and you will see
They were only made for walking".

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
And did n't half believe her,
For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
Such stories could n't deceive her.

And as her mother was scratching the ground,
She muttered, lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not be drowned,
And so, I think, I'll show her".

Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep, And saw, too late, her blunder, For she had hardly time to peep; When her foolish head went under. -

That each content in his place should dwell, And envy not his brother; For any part that is acted well, Is just as good as another.

And now I hope her fate will show The child my story reading, That those who are older, sometimes know What you will do well in heeding;

For we all have our proper sphere below, And this is a truth worth knowing: You will come to grief if you try to go Where you never were made for going. Phoebe Cary.

35. THE SCHOOL.

"Little girl, where do you go to school, And when do you go, little girl? Over the grass from dawn to dark, Your feet are in a whirl: You and the cat jump here and there, You and the robins sing; But what do you know in the spelling book? Have you ever learned anything?"

Thus the little girl answered, —
Only stopping to cling
To my finger a minute,
As a bird on the wing
Catches a twig of sumach.
And stops to twitter and swing, —

"When the daisies' eyes are a-twinkle
With happy tears of dew;
When swallows waken in the eaves,
And the lamb bleats to the ewe;
When the lawns are golden-barred,
And the kiss of the wind is cool;
When the morning's breath blows out the stars,—
Then do I go to school!

"My school-roof is the dappled sky;
And the bells that ring for me there
Are all the voices of morning
Afloat in the dewy air.

Kind Nature is the Madame;
And the book whereout I spell
Is dog's-eared by the brooks and glens
Where I know the lesson well".

Thus the little girl answered,
In her musical out door-tone:
She was up to my pocket,
I was a man full grown;
But the next time that she goes to school,
She will not go alone!

Fitz-Hugh-Ludlow.

36. THE CHILD'S WORLD.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world. With the wonderful water round you curled, And the wonderful grass upon your breast, — World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me, And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree, It walks on the water, and whirls the mills, And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

"You, friendly Earth! how far do you go With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow, With cietis and gardens, and cliffs, and isles And people upon you for thousands of miles?"

"Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers, today,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
'You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth can not!'"

"Lilliput Lectures."

37. CHRISTMAS TIMES.

'T was the night before Christmas, and all through the house,

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,

And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash; —

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow Gave the lustre of midday to objects below, —

When what to my wondering eyes should appear But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:— "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now,
Vixen!

On Comet! on, Cupid! on Dunder and Blixen!

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall, Now, dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves before the hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,

So up to the housetops the coursers they flew With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf, And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself. A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head, Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, And filled all the stockings, — then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose, And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

Clement C. Moore.

38. THE INFANT ORATOR.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgement weak, and feeble tongue;
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A. B. C.

But why may not Columbia's soil
Rear men as great as Britain's isle;
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun?
May n't Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister state?
Or, where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or, where's the boy, but three feet high,
Who's made improvements more than 1?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great, not like Caesar, stained with blood;
But only great as I am good.

Edward Everett.

39. THE SINGING LESSON.

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to speak;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm in arm with a thrush
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face;

She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought this life was too long
And wished she could skip a year.

"Oh! nightingale!" cooed a dove;
"Oh! nightingale! what's the use;
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
Like a common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?"

"Only think of all you have done;
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest;
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only to speak".

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm!

The nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there;
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral I know,
If you'll try to find it out!

Fean Ingelow

40. SONG OF THE FAIRY.

Over hill and over dale,

Thorough*) bush, thorough briar
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moones sphère;
And I serve the fairy Queen;

To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats, spots you see;

These be rubies, fairy favors—
In those freckles live their savors,
I must go seek some dew drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Shakespeare.

^{*)} Old English.

41. THE ASS AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

An ass, a nightingale espied, And shouted out, "Hollo! hollo! good friend! Thou art a first-rate singer, they pretend:—

Now let me hear thee, that I may decide; I really wish to know — the world is partial ever — If thou hast this great gift, and art indeed so clever". The nightingale began her heavenly lays: Through all the regions of sweet music ranging, Varying her song a thousand different ways; Rising and falling, lingering, ever changing: Full of wild rapture now — then sinking oft To almost silence — melancholy, soft, As distant shepherd's pipe at evening's close:

Strewing the wood with lovelier music; - there

All nature seems to listen and repose:

No zephyr dares disturb the tranquil air: — All other voices of the grove are still, And the charmed flocks lie down beside the rill.

The shepherd like a statue stands — afraid His breathing may disturb the melody, His finger pointing to the melodious tree,

Seems to say, "Listen!" to his favorite maid. The singer ended: — and our critic bowed His reverend head to earth, and said aloud — "Now that's so-so; — thou really hast some merit; Curtail thy song, and critics then might hear it. Thy voice wants sharpness: — but if chanticleer Would give thee a few lessons, doubtless he Might raise thy voice and modulate thy ear And thou, in spite of all thy faults, mayest be

A very decent singer". The poor bird In silent modesty the critic heard, And winged her peaceful flight into the air, O'er many and many a field and forest fair. Many such critics you and I have seen: — Heaven be our screen!

Krilow.

42. SEVEN TIMES TWO. (ROMANCE).

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes, How many soever they be,

And let the brown-medow lark's note as he ranges Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol by fall or by swelling No magical sense conveys,

And bells have forgotten their old art of telling The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again" once they rang cheerily, While a boy listened alone;

Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you, your good days are over, And mine they are yet to be;

No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover You leave the story to me. The foxglove shoots on the green matted heather, And hangeth her hoods of snow;

She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather; O, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster, Nor the long summer bide so late;

And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,

For all the lessons are said".

I wait for my story — the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells can not ring it, but long years, O bring it,
Such as I wish it to be.

Jean Ingelow. "Songs of seven".

43. LITTLE SORROW.

Among the thistles on the hill,
In tears sat Little Sorrow;
"I see a black cloud in the west,
"T will bring a storm to-morrow.
And when it storms, where shall I be?
And what will keep the rain from me?
Woe 's me!" said Little Sorrow.

"But now the air is soft und sweet,
The sunshine bright", said Pleasure;
"Here's my pipe, — if you will dance,
I'll wake my merriest measure;
Or, if you choose, we'll sit beneath
The red rose-tree, and twine a wreath;
Come, come with me" said Pleasure.

"O, I want neither dance nor flowers, —
They're not for me", said Sorrow,
"When that black cloud is in the west,
And it will storm to-morrow!
And if it storms, what shall I do?
I have no heart to play with you, —
Go! go!" said Little Sorrow.

But lo! when came the morrow's morn,
The clouds were all blown over;
The lark sprang singing from his nest
Among the dewy clover;
And Pleasure called, "Come out and dance!
To-day you mourn no evil chance;
The clouds have all blown over!"

"And if they have, alas! alas!

Poor comfort that!" said Sorrow;
"For if to-day we miss the storm,
"T will surely come to-morrow,—
And be the fiercer for delay!
I am too sore at heart to play;

Woe's me!" said Little Sorrow.

44. THE MILLER OF DEE.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,

No lark more blithe than he. And this the burden of his song

And this the burden of his song Forever used to be,

"I envy nobody — no, not I, And nobody envies me".

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend", said good king Hal;
"As wrong as wrong can be:

For could my heart be light as thine, I'd gladly change with thee:

And tell me now, what makes thee sing, With voice so loud and free,

While I am sad, though I'm the king, Beside the river Dee".

The miller smiled and doffed his cap, "I earn my bread", quoth he;

"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;

I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee.

That turns the mill, that grinds the corn, That feeds my babes and me". "Good friend", said Hal, und sighed the while,
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou 'dst be true,
That no one envies thee:

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;

Such men as thou, are England's boast, O miller of the Dee".

Chas. Mackay.

45. A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

Little one, come to my knee!

Hark how the rain is pouring

Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,

And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen,

Then pay for the story with kisses:
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,

In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,

Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,

And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded —
Crept to o fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining, Couching, I sought to hide me: Something rustled, two green eyes shone, And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened;
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night.
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me; Each of us warmed the other; Each of us felt, in the stormy dark, That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place —
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment!

Hark, how the wind is roaring;

Father's house is a better place

When the stormy rain is pouring!

Bayard Taylor.

46. SPECTACLES, OR HELPS TO READ.

A certain artist, I've forgot his name,
Had got for making spectacles a fame,
Or "helps to read"—as, when they first were sold,
Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold;
And, for all uses to be had from glass,
His were allowed by readers to surpass.
There came a man into his shop one day —
"Are you the spectacle contriver, pray?"
"Yes, sir", said he, "I can in that affair
Contrive to please you, if you want a pair".
"Can you? pray do then". — So, at first, he chose
To place a youngish pair upon his nose;
And book produced, to see how they would fit:
Asked how he liked them? — "Like them — not
a bit". —

"Then sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
These in my hand will better suit your eye", —
"No, but they don't" — "Well, come, sir, if you
please,

Here is another sort, we'll e'en try these;
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter;
Now Sir?"—"Why now — I'm not a bit the better"—
"No! here, take these that magnify still more;
How do they fit?" "Like all the rest before".
In short, they tried a whole assortment through,
But all in vain, for none of them would do.
The operator, much surprised to find
So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind:

"What sort of eyes, can you have got?" said he, "Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see:"
"Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball —
Pray, let me ask you — can you read at all?"
"No, you great blockhead; if I could, what need Of paying you for any — 'helps to read?'"
And so he left the maker in a heat,
Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

Byrom.

47. THE STORM.

The tempest rages wild and high,

The waves lift up their voice and cry
Fierce answers to the angry sky, —

Miserere Domine,

Through the black night and driving rain,

A ship is struggling all in vain,

To live upon the stormy main;

Miserere Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightenings glare,
Vain is it now to strive or dare;
A cry goes up of great despair,

Miserere Domine.

* *

The stormy voices of the main,

The morning wind, and pelting rain

Beat on the nursery window-pane —

Miserere Domine.

Warm curtained was the little bed,
Soft pillowed was the little head;
"The storm will wake the child" they said;

Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white

He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
"Father! save those at sea to night!"

Miserere Domine.

* *

The morning shone all clear and gay,
On a ship at anchor in the bay,
And on a little child at play,

Gloria tibi Domine!

A. Proctor.



PART II.

EPISODES IN LIFE.





48. LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,

They, the true-hearted, came;

Not with the roll of the stirring drums,

And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear, —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared

From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,

This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band; —
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was a woman's fearless eye
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?

They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod!

They've left unstained what there they found, —

Freedom to worship God!

Mrs. Hemans.

49. THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea, The ship was as still as she could be, Her sails from heaven received no motion, Her keel was steady in the ocean. Without either sign or sound of their shock The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock; So little they rose, so little they fell, They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The good old abbot of Aberbrothok Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock; On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung, And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell, The Mariners heard the warning bell; And then they knew the perilous rock, And blessed the abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay, All things were joyful on that day; The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around, And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen, A darker speck on the ocean green; Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck, And he fixed his eyes on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring, It made him whistle, it made him sing; His heart was mirthful to excess, But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float; Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat, And row me to the Inchcape rock, And I'll plague the abbot of Aberbrothok". The boat is lowered, the boatmen row, And to the Inchcape rock they go; Sir Ralph bent over from the boat, And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound, The bubbles rose and burst around; Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock Won't bless the abbot of Aberbrothok".

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away, He scoured the seas for many a day, And now grown rich with plundered store, He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky They cannot see the sun on high; The wind hath blown a gale all day; At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand, So dark it is, they see no land. Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon, For there is the dawn of the rising moon".

"Can'st hear", said one, "the breakers roar? For methinks we should be near the shore; Now where we are, I cannot tell, But I wish I could hear the Inchcape bell".

They hear no sound, the swell is strong; Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along, Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock; O death! "It is the Inchcape Rock!" Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair, He cursed himself in his despair; The waves rush in on every side, The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear One dreadful sound could the Rover hear, A sound, as if with the Inchcape bell, The fiends below were ringing his knell.

Robert Southey.

50. THE SHIP ON FIRE.

The storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast, And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast; And heavily labored the gale-beaten ship, Like a stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip; And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path, Except when the lightning illumined it in wrath; A young mother knelt in the cabin below, And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow, She prayed to her God 'mid the hurricane wild, "O Father, have mercy, look down on my child". It passed — the fierce whirlwind careered on its way, And the ship like an arrow divided the spray; Her sails glimmered white in the beams of the moon, And the breeze up aloft seemed to whistle a tune. There was joy to the ship as she furrowed the foam, For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home. The young mother pressed her fond babe to her breast, And sung a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;

And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.
"Oh! happy" said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore;
Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky,
Its garden so green and its vine-covered wall,
The kind friend awaiting to welcome us all,
And the children that sport by the old oaken tree:
Ah! gently the ship glided over the sea".
Hark! what was that — hark! to the shout, — fire!
Then a tramp — and a rout — and an uproar of
voices arose in the air,

And the mother knelt down - and the half spoken

prayer,
That she offered to God in her agony wild,
Was, "Father, have mercy, look down on my child".
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side:
Oh! there was her refuge whate'er may betide.
'T was vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip,
The pitiless flame was lord of the ship,
And the smoke in thick wreathes mounted higher
and higher

"O God! it is fearful to perish by fire:
Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
Great Father of mercy! our hope is in Thee!"
Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and

They lowered the boat, a mere speck on the wave. First entered the mother, enfolding her child; It knew she caressed it, looked upward and smiled. Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away, And mistily dawned o'er the pathway, the day,

And they prayed for the light; and at noontide about, The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.
"Ho! a sail! ho! a sail!" cried the man on the lee;
"Ho! a sail!"and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
"They see us! they see us! the signal is waved!
Thank God! Thank God! we are saved, we are saved!"

Mackay.

51. HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho sailor of the sea!
How's my boy — my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"
"My boy John —
He that went to sea —
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy 's my boy to me".

"You come back from the sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But knows my John".

"How's my boy — my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue — jacket or no —
Brass-buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no —
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'"
"Speak low, woman, speak low".

"And why should I speak low, sailor, About my own boy John? If I was loud as I am proud, I'd sing him over the town! Why should I speak low, sailor?" "That good ship went down".

"How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor —
I was never aboard her. —
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?" —
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her".

"How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother —
How's my boy — my boy?
Tell me of him, and no other!
How's my boy — my boy?"

Sidney Dosbell.

52. THE "GRAY SWAN".

"Oh! tell me sailor, tell me true, Is my little lad, my Elihu,

A-sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew, —
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"

He said with trembling lip, — "What little lad? What ship?"

"What little lad? as if there could be Another such a one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away!"

"The other day?" The sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise: —

"The other day? — the Swan?"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir! here in the cupboard lies
The Jacket he had on!"

"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the Swan?" — "And did she stand With her anchor clutching hold of the sand, For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land, Like a lover kissing his lady's hand The wild sea kissing her, A sight to remember, sir!"

"But, my good mother, do you know All this was twenty years ago?

I stood on the Gray Swan's deck, And so that lad I saw you throw, Taking it off, as it might be, so!

The kerchief from your neck".—

"Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad,
That made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?

"Lawless! The man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had: —
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And has he never written a line,
Nor sent you word nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
"Hold! if 't was wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides he may be in the brine;
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! What would you have?"

"Gone, twenty years, — a long, long cruise,
"T was wicked thus your love to abuse!

But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you, you can
Forgive him?" — "Miserable man!

You're mad as the sea, you rave —

What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
"O God, my Father! is it true?
My little lad, my Elihu!
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead, my living child!"

Alice Cary.

53. A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay —
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein, —
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;
No hold had he above, below;
Alone he stood in air;
To that far height none dared to go; —
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, — but not a man could speak
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with palid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue; —
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck: — he gasped, "O God! thy will be done!"

Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son;

"Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!

Jump, or I fire!" he said;
"That only chance your life can save!

Jump, jump, boy!" — He obeyed.

He sunk, — he rose — he lived — he moved, —
And for the ship struck out;
On board, we hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck —
Then folded to his heart his boy,

And fainted on the deck.

Morris.

54. BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,

And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,

And said "I never more shall see my own, my native land:

Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine;

For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine".

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,

That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done

Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.

And amidst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars —

The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;

But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;

And one had come from Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine".

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,

And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;

For my father was a soldier, and even as a child My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard.

I let them take what e'er they would, but kept my father's sword;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine

On the cottage wall at Bingen — calm Bingen on the Rhine".

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,

When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,

For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, then ask her in my name

To listen to him kindly, without regret, or shame; And so hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)

For the honor of old Bingen — dear Bingen on the Rhine".

"There's another — not a sister: in the happy days gone by,

You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry — too fond for idle scorning! —

O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning.

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen

My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),

I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine".

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,

The german songs we used to sing in chorus, sweet and clear;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill, That echoing chorus sounded, through evening calm and still:

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,

Down many a path belov'd of yore, and well remembered walk;

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;—But we'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the Rhine".

His voice grew faint and hoarser; his grasp was childish weak;

His eyes put on a dying look; he sighed and ceased to speak:

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled

The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land, was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strown;

Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

55. THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Toll for the brave!

The brave that are no more!

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,

Whose courage was well tried,
Had made the vessel heel,

And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds, And she was overset; Down went the Royal George, With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!

Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle; No tempest gave the shock; She sprang no fatal leak; She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in his sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenselt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
He and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

William Cowper.

56. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer's evening, Old Kaspar's work was done, And he before his cottage door Was sitting in the sun; And by him sported on the green His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh, —
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull", said he,
"Who fell in the great victory!"

"I find them in the garden, For there's many here about; And often when I go to plough, The ploughshare turns them out; For many thousand men", said he, "Were slain in that great victory!"

"Now, tell us what 't was all about", Young Peterkin he cries; And little Wilhelmine looks up With wonder-waiting eyes; "Now tell us all about the war, And what they killed each other for?"

"It was the English", Kaspar cried, "Who put the French to rout; But what they killed each other for, I could not well make out. But everybody said", quoth he, "That 't was a famous victory!"

"My father lived at Blenheim then, Yon little stream hard by: They burned his dwelling to the ground, And he was forced to fly; So with his wife and child he fled, Nor had he where to rest his head". "With fire and sword the country round Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died.
But things, like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory".

They say it was a shocking sight After the field was won; For many thousand bodies here Lay rotting in the sun. But things like that, you know, must be, After a famous victory".

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, And our good Prince Eugene". "Why, 't was a very wicked thing!" Said little Wilhelmine. "Nay, nay, my little girl", quoth he, "It was a famous victory!"

"And every body praised the Duke Who this great fight did win". "But what good came of it at last?" Quoth little Peterkin. "Why that I can not tell", said he, "But 'twas a famous victory".

Robert Southey.

57. CASABIANCA

(A TRUE STORY).

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead;
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm!
A creature of heroic blood
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud "Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He know not that the chieftain lay

He knew not that the chieftain lay Unconscious of his son.

"Speak father!" once again he cried,

"If I may yet be gone!"

And but the booming shot replied —

And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,

And in his waving hair,

And looked from that lone post of death,

In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.
They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound —
The boy — Oh! where was he?

Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had born their part;
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

Felicia Hemans.

58. DIRGE AT SEA.

Sleep! — we give thee to the wave, Red with life-blood from the brave! Thou shalt find a noble grave. Fare thee well!

Sleep! thy billowy field is won: Proudly may the funeral gun Midst the hush at set of sun, Boom thy knell. Lonely, lonely is thy bed, Never there may flower be shed, Marble rear'd, or brother's head Bow'd to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea, Born through battle high and free, Long the red-cross flag shall be. Sleep! oh, sleep!

Felicia Hemans.

59. THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,

The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,

Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him:
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest

With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed And smoothed down his lonely pillow, That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head, And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,

From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory.

C. Wolfe.

60. INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall", —
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect,
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect —
So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through —
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well", he cried, "Emperor, by God's grace,
We 've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;

"You're wounded!" "Nay", his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" and, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning.

61. HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low, All bloodless lay the untrodden snow; And dark as winter was the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed, Each horseman drew his battle-blade, And furious every charger neighed To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven; Then rushed the steed, to battle driven; And louder than the bolts of Heaven Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that fire shall glow On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow; And darker yet shall be the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly. "T it morn; but scarce yon level sun Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun, Where furious Frank and fiery Hun Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave Who rush to glory, or the grave! Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave, And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell.

62. CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

Half a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of death Rode the Six Hundred.

Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred;
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered:
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Take the guns!" Nolan said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!" No man was there dismayed, Not though the soldiers knew Some one had blundered, Their's not to reply, Their's not to reason why, Their's but to do and die -Into the valley of Death Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to the right of them, Cannon to the left of them. Cannon in front of them Volleyed and thundered. Stormed at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode, and well; Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of hell Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare, Sabring the gunners there, Charging an Army, while

All the world wondered. Plunged in the battery-smoke, With many a desperate stroke The Russian line they broke: Then they rode back, but not --Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to the right of them, Cannon to the left of them, Cannon behind them Volleyed and thundered.

Stormed at with shot and shell, While horse and hero fell, Those that had fought so well Came from the jaws of Death, Back from the mouth of Hell All that was left of them,

Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?

O the wild charge they made!

All the world wondered!

Honor the charge they made!

Honor the Light Brigade,

Noble Six Hundred!

Alfred Tennyson.

63. KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS.

"Strike the sails!" King Olaf said,
"Never shall men of mine take flight;
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes!

Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight!"

"Sound the horns!" said Olaf the King,
And suddenly through the drifting brume
The blare of horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarock
On the day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang Over the level floor of the flood; All the sails came down with a clang, And there in the mist overhead,

The sun hung red As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet, Three together the ships were lashed, So that neither should turn and retreat; In the midst, but in front of the rest

The burnished crest Of the serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck With bow of ash and arrows of oak, His gilded shield was without a fleck, His helmet inlaid with gold,

And in a many a fold Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red
Watched the lashing of the ships;
"If the serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here",
Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string, "Have 1 a coward on board?" said he. "Shoot it another way, O King!" Sullenly answered Ulf,

The old sea-wolf; "You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes, Sweeping down with his fifty rowers; To the right, the Swedish King with his thanes; And on board of the Iron Beard,

Earl Eric steered On the left, with his oars.

"These soft Danes and Swedes" said the King,
"At home with their wives had better stay,
Than come within the reach of my Serpent's sting,
But where Eric the Norseman leads,
Heroic deeds

Will be done to-day!"

Then together as the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide,
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting —
"Eric the son of Hakon Jarl,
A death-drink, salt as the sea
Pledges to thee
Olaf the King!"

Long fellow.

64. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold; And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea, When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green, That host with their banners at sunset were seen: Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown.

That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast, And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed; And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill, And their hearts but once heaved, and forever were still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through them there rolled not the breath of
his pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail; And the tents were all silent, the banners alone, The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown. And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail, And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal: And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword, Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

Byron.

65. HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he; I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three; "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew:

"Speed", echoed the wall to us galloping through; Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest, And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great place Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place,

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight, Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right, Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit, Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but when we drew near Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear; At Boom a great yellow star came out to see; At Duffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be; And from Mechlin church-steeple we heard the half chime.

So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun. And against him the cattle stood black every one: To stare through the mist at us galloping past, And I saw my stout galloper, Roland at last, With resolute shoulders each butting away The haze, as some bluff river headland, its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back.

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track; And one eye's black intelligence - ever that glance O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance! And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned, and cried Joris, "stay spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her. We'll remember at Aix" - for one heard the quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched back, and staggering knees.

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank. As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I, Past Loos, and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky: The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh. 'Neath our foot broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff:

Till over by Dalhelm a dome-tower sprang white, And "Gallop", cried Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone; And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight, Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate:

With his nostril like pits full of blood to the brim, And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall, Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all, Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear, Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,

Till at length into Aix, Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground,

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine, As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine, Which the burgesses voted, by common consent Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Robert Browning.

66. ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

"Make way for liberty!" — he cried; Made way for liberty, and died! —

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power!
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she can not yield —
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed: Behold him - Arnold Winkelried! There sounds not to the trump of fame The echo of a nobler name. Unmarked he stood amid the throng, In rumination deep and long, Till you might see with sudden grace, The very thought come o'er his face; And, by the motion of his form, Anticipate the bursting storm; And, by the uplifting of his brow, Tell where the bolt would strike, and how. But 't was no sooner thought than done! The field was in a moment won: "Make way for liberty!" he cried, Then ran with arms extended wide,

As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Their keen points met from side to side:
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, "ruin, panic scattered all!
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city, with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free; Thus death made way for liberty!

Montgomery.

67. THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

There was music on the midnight — From a royal fane is roll'd;
And a mighty bell, each pause between, Sternly and slowly toll'd.
Strange was their mingling in the sky, It hush'd the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high, The lonely bell — of death!

There was hurrying through the midnight —
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness
Along the shadowy street:
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
As is near'd the minster gate,
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

Full glow'd the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave,
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom;
For something lay midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,

High on a glittering throne,

A woman's form sat silently,

Midst the glare of light alone.

Her jewell'd robes fell strangely still —

The drapery on her breast

Seem'd with no pulse beneath to thrill,

So stonelike was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow!

Then died away that haughty sound;
And from the encircling band
Stepp'd prince and chief, midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why pass'd a faint, cold shuddering
Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale, still face?

Death! death! canst thou be lovely
Unto the eye of life?

Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife?

— It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,

The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
All gather'd round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compress'd,
Lest the strong heart should fail:
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
Watching the homage done
By the land's flower and chivalry
To her, his martyr'd one.

But on the face he look'd not, Which once his star had been;

To every form his glance was turn'd, Save of the breathless queen:

Though something, won from the grave's embrace, Of her beauty still was there.

Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
It was not for him to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,

The treasures of the earth,

And the priceless love that pour'd those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!

The rites are closed: — bear back the dead
Unto the chamber deep!

Lay down again the royal head, Dust with dust to sleep!

There is music on the midnight —
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding

As the mourners through the sounding aisle In dark procession go;

And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,

Are borne to the house of silence down, With her, that queen of clay!

And tearlessly and firmly
King Pedro led the train;
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lower'd the dust_again.

'T is hush'd at last the tomb above — Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who call'd thee strong as Death, O Love?

Mightier thou wast and art!

Felicia Hemans.

68. JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Since our Country, our God, — oh, my Sire! Demand that thy daughter expire; Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow — Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er, And the mountains behold me no more, If the hand that I love lay me low, There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh my father! be sure — That the blood of thy child is as pure As the blessing I beg ere it flow, And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament, Be the judge and the hero unbent! I have won the great battle for thee, And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gushed, When the voice that thou lovest is hushed, Let my memory still be thy pride, And forget not — I smiled — as I died!

69. BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,

And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprison'd sire:

"I bring thee here my fortress' keys, I bring my captive train,

I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord! — oh, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransom'd man this day:

Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way".

Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,

And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, there came a glittering band,

With one that midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;

"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,

The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearn'd so long to see".

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and went;

He reach'd that gray-hair'd chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took, —

What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold — a frozen thing — it dropp'd from his like lead:

He look'd up to the face above — the face was of the dead!

A plume waved o'er the noble brow — the brow was fix'd and white;

He met at last his father's eyes — but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but who could paint that gaze?

They hush'd their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze;

They might have chain'd him, as before that stony form he stood,

For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmur'd low, and wept like childhood then —

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men! —

He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown, —

He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,

"No more, there is no more", he said, "to lift the sword for now. —

My king is false, my hope betray'd, my father — oh! the worth,

The glory and the loveliness, are pass'd away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet —

I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!

Thou wouldst have known my spirit then — for thee my fields were won, —

And thou hast perish'd in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,

Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks of all the courtier train;

And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing warhorse led,

And sternly set them face to face — the king before the dead! —

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss? —

Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this!

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought — give answer, where are they? —

If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light — Be still! keep
down thine ire. —
Bid these white lips a blessing speak — this earth
is not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my
blood was shed, —

Thou canst not — and a king! His dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell — upon the silent face

He cast one long, deep, troubled look — then turn'd from that sad place:

His hope was crush'd, his after-fate untold in martial strain, —

His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

Felicia Hemans.

70. COEUR-DE-LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

Torches were blazing clear,

Hymns pealing deep and slow,

Where a king lay stately on his bier

In the church of Fontevraud.

Banners of battle o'er him hung,

And warriors slept beneath;

And light, as noon's broad light, was flung

On the settled face of death

On the settled face of death

A strong and ruddy glare,

Though dimm'd at times by the censer's breath,

Yet it fell still brightest there:

As if each deaply furrous'd trace

As if each deeply furrow'd trace Of earthly years to show,

Alas! that sceptered mortal's race Had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept

By many a long dark stole,

As the kneeling priests round him that slept

Sang mass for the parted soul:

And solemn were the strains they pour'd

Through the stillness of the night,

With the cross above, and the crown and sword, And the silent king in sight. There was heard a heavy clang, As of steel-girt men the tread. And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang With a sounding thrill of dread: And the holy chant was hush'd awhile,

As by the torches flame.

A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look, An eagle glance and clear; But his proud heart through his breast-plate shook When he stood beside the bier! He stood there still with a drooping brow,

And clasped hands o'er it raised; For his father lay before him low -It was Coeur-de-Lion gazed!

And silently he strove With the workings of his breast; But there's more in late repentant love Than steel may keep suppress'd!

And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain, -Men held their breath in awe:

For his face was seen by his warrior train, And he reck'd not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead -And sorrow seem'd to lie, A weight of sorrow, even like lead. Pale on the fast-shut eye.

He stoop'd and kissed the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay;
Till bursting words — yet all too weak —
Gave his soul's passion way.

"O father! is it vain,

This late remorse and deep?

Speak to me, father! once again:

I weep — behold I weep!

Alas my guilty pride and ire!

Were but this work undone,

I would give my England's crown, my sire!

To hear thee bless thy son.

Speak to me! Mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirr'd!
Hear me — but hear me! — father, chief,
My king! I must be heard!
Hush'd, hush'd — how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus? — Woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot!

Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright!

And father, father! but for me,
They had not been so white!

I bore thee down, high heart! at last:
No longer could'st thou strive.

Oh! for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say — "forgive!"

Thou wert the noblest king
On royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,
In war the brayest heart:

Oh! ever the renown'd and loved
Thou wert — and there thou art!

Thou that my boyhood's guide
Didst take fond joy to be! —
The times I've sported at thy side,
And climb'd thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire! I see thee lie, —
How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die!"

Felicia Hemans.

71. MAZEPPA.

"Bring forth the horse!" — the horse was brought;
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled —
'T was but a day he had been caught;
And snorting with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread,
To me the desert-born was led:

They bound me on, that menial throng, Upon his back with many a thong; They loosed him with a sudden lash: Away! away! and on we dash! — Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away, away, my steed and I,

Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;

We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is checkered with the northern light;

Town — village — none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,

And bounded by a forest black;
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by:
I could have answered with a sigh;
But fast we fled, away, away,
And I could neither sigh nor pray,
And my cold sweat-drops fell, like rain,
Upon the courser's bristling mane.

We neared the wild wood — 't was so wide, I saw no bounds on either side; — The boughs gave way, and did not tear My limbs, and I found strength to bear My wounds, already scarred with cold — My bonds forbade to loose my hold.

We rustled through the leaves like wind, Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind. By night I heard them on my track: Their troop came hard upon our back, With their long gallop, which can tire The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire; Where 'er we flew they followed on, Nor left us with the morning sun.

Oh! how I wished for spear or sword, At least to die amidst the horde, And perish, if it must be so, At bay, destroying many a foe. My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore, And throbbed awhile, then beat no more. The skies spun like a mighty wheel: I saw the trees like drunkards reel, And a slight flash sprung o'er my eyes, Which saw no further: he who dies Can die no more than then I died O'ertortured by that ghastly ride.

A trampling troop; I see them come! In one vast squadron they advance! The sight renerved my courser's feet; A moment staggering, feebly fleet, A moment with a faint low neigh, He answered, and then fell; With gasps and glazing eyes he lay, And reeking limbs immovable: His first and last career is done!

On came the troop — they saw him stoop, They saw me strangely bound along His back with many a bloody thong; They snort — they foam — neigh — swerve aside, And backward to the forest fly, By instinct, from a human eye.
They left me there to my despair,
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch, —
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From which I could not extricate
Nor him, nor me; and there we lay,
The dying on the dead.

Byron.

72. THE DYING HORSE.

Heaven! what enormous strength does death possess! How muscular the giant's arm must be To grasp that strong-boned horse, and, spite of all His furious efforts, fix him to the earth! His writhing fibres speak his inward pain. His smoking nostrils speak his inward fire! Oh! how he glares! - and hark! methinks I hear His bubbling blood, which seems to burst the veins: How still he's now: - how fiery hot, - how cold! How terrible, — how lifeless! — all within A few brief moments! my reason staggers! Philosophy, thou poor enlightened dotard. Who canst assign for every thing a cause, Here take thy stand beside me, and explain This hidden mystery. Bring with thee The headstrong atheist, who laughs at heaven, And impiously ascribes events to chance, To help to solve this wonderful enigma! First, tell me, ye proud haughty reasoners.

Where the vast strength this creature late possessed Has fled to? How the bright sparkling fire, Which flashed but now from these dim rayless eyes, Has been extinguished — Oh, he's dead! you say — I know it well: - but how, and by what means? What! - not a word! - I ask you once again; How comes it, that the wondrous essence, Which gave such vigor to those strong-nerved limbs, Has leapt from its enclosure, and compelled This noble workmanship of nature thus To sink into a cold inactive clod? Nay sneak not off thus cowardly! - Poor fools. Ye are as destitute of information As is the lifeless subject of my thoughts! Now, moralizer. Retire! yet first proclaim this sacred truth: Chance rules not over death: But when a fly Falls to the earth, 'tis heaven that gives the blow.

Blackett.

72. BETH GELERT, OR THE DEATH OF THE GRAYHOUND.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound, And cheerily smiled the morn, And many a brach and many a hound, Obeyed Llewellyn's horn.

And still he drew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer;
"Come Gelert, come — wert never last
Llewellyn's horn to hear.

Oh! where does faithful Gelert roam, The flower of all his race, So true, so brave; a lamb at home, A lion in the chase?"

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased Llewellyn homeward hied, When near the portal gate, His truant Gelert he espied, Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood,
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with much surprise, Unused such looks to meet, His favorite checked his joyful guise, And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn past,
And on went Gelert too,
And still where'er his eyes he cast
Fresh blood gouts shocked his view.

O'er turned his infant's bed he found, With blood-stained covert rent, And all around the walls and ground. With recent blood besprent!

He called his child; no voice replied; He searched with terror wild: Blood, blood he found on every side, But nowhere found the child.

"Hell-hound! my child by thee 's devoured!" The frantic father cried. And to the hilt his vengeful sword He plunged in Gelert's side!

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell. Some slumberer wakened nigh -What words the parent's joy can tell He hears his infant cry!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread, -But the same couch beneath Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead, Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain? For now the truth was clear, His gallant hound the wolf had slain To save Llewellyn's heir.

74. THE DOG ARGUS.

Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew, Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew; He, not unconscious of the voice and tread, Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head; Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board, But, ah, not fated long to please his lord, To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain; The voice of glory call'd him o'er the Main.

Till then in every sylvan chase renown'd, With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around; With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn, Or traced the mazy leveret o'er the lawn; Now left to man's ingratitude he lay, Unhous'd, neglected in the public way; He knew his lord — he knew, and strove to meet; In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet;

Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes, Salute his master and confess his joys. Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul, Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole.

The dog, whom fate had granted to behold His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd, Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies; So closed for ever faithful Argus' eyes.

Pope.

75. THREE FISHERMEN.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west -Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best.
And the children stood watching them out of the town:

For men must work, and women must weep; And there's little to earn, and many to keep, Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at
the shower,

And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown:

But men must work, and women must weep, Though storms be sudden, and waters deep And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping, and wringing their
hands.

For those who will never come back to the town; For men must work, and women must weep; And the sooner its over — the sooner to sleep, — And goodbye to the bar and its moaning.

Charles Kingsley.

76. JAFFAR.

Jaffar the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
And Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Moudeer. — He proud to show How far for love a grateful soul could go, And facing death for very scorn and grief, For his great heart wanted a great relief, Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square Where once had stood a happy house, and there Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar On all they owed to the devine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man", the caliph cried; the man Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords", cried he; "From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me; From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears:

Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears; Restored me, loved me, put me on a par With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?" Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another, half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgement shall be master still.

Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem, The richest in the Tartar's diadem, And hold the giver as thou deemest fit", "Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star, Exclaimed, "This too, I owe to thee, Jaffar".

Leigh Hunt.

77. HENRY IV. SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep! — O sleep, O gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down, And steep my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber; Than in the perfumed chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state, And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody? O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch, A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge.
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itseld awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give the repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?
Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Shakespeare.

78. HENRY VI. ENVY OF A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

"Would that I were dead! if God's good will were so; For what is in this world but grief and woe? O God! methinks, it were a happy life, To be no better than a homely swain; To sit upon a hill, as I do now, To carve out dials quaintly, point by point, Thereby to see the minutes how they run: How many make the hour full complete, How many hours bring about the day, How many days will finish up the year, How many years a mortal man may live. When this is known, then to divide the times, So many hours must I tend my flock;

So many hours must I take my rest; So many hours must I contemplate; So many hours must I sport myself; So many days my ewes have been with young; So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean; So many months ere I shall shear the fleece: So minutes, hours, days, months and years, Pass'd over to the end they were created, Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely! Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade To shepherds looking on their silly sheep, Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy To kings that fear their subjects' treachery? O! yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth. And to conclude, - the shepherds homely curds, His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle, His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade, All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, Is far beyond a prince's delicates, His viands sparkling in a golden cup, His body couched in a curious bed, When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him. Shakespeare.

79. POLONIUS' ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any unproportioned thought his act, Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in. Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee. Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice: Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy. But not expressed in fancy; rich not gaudy; For the apparel oft proclaims the man; And they in France, of the best rank and station. Are most select and generous, chief in that. Neither a borrower or a lender be: For loan oft loses both itself and friend: And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. This above all - to thine own self be true: And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou can'st not then be false to any man. Farewell: my blessing season this in thee.

Shakespeare.

80. WOLSEY TO CROMWELL.

Thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee,
Say Wolsey, — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor, —
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's. Then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell.

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king, And, — p'rythee, lead me in; There take an inventory of all I have, To the last penny, 't is the king's: my robe, And my integrity to Heaven, is all I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell! Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Shakespeare.

81. AMBITION.

What is ambition? 'T is a glorious cheat! Angels of light walk not so dazzlingly The sapphire walls of heaven. The unsearched mine Hath not such gems. Earth's constellated thrones Have not such pomp of purple and of gold. It hath no features. In its face is set A mirror, and the gazer sees his own. It looks a god, but it is like himself!

It hath a mien of empery, and smiles Majestically sweet - but how like him! It follows not with fortune It is seen Rarely or never in the rich man's hall. It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy. And lifts his humble window and comes in. The narrow walls expand, and spread away Into a kingly palace, and the roof Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work The ceilings with rich blazonry, and write His name in burning letters over all. And ever, as he shuts his wildered eyes, The phantom comes and lays upon his lids A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain Breathes a fierce thirst no water will allay, He is its slave henceforth! His days are spent In chaining down his heart, and watching where To rise by human weaknesses. His nights Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours. His kindred are forgotten or estranged. Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye; His lip grows restless, and its smile is curled Half into scorn, - till the bright fiery boy. That was a daily blessing but to see, His spirit was so birdlike and so pure, Is frozen in the very flush of youth, Into a cold, care-fretted, heartless man! And what is its reward? At best, a name! Praise - when the ear has grown too dull to hear, Gold — when the senses it should please are dead; Wreaths - when the hair they cover has grown

Fame — when the heart is should have thrilled is numb.

All things but — love — when love is all we want, And close behind comes death, and ere we know That even these unavailing gifts are ours, He sends us, stripped and naked, to the grave!

Willis.

82. LIBERTY.

Where honor, or where conscience does not bind, No other law shall shackle me; Slave to myself I will not be; Nor shall my future actions be confin'd By my own present mind, Who by resolves and vows engaged does stand For days that yet belong to Fate, Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate Before it falls into his hand. The bondman of the cloister so All that he does recieve, does always owe; And still as time comes in, it goes away, Not to enjoy - but debts to pay. Unhappy slave! and pupil to a bell! Which does his hour's work, as well as hours do tell! Unhappy to the last, the kind releasing knell.

Abraham Cowley.

83. SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

"What gives the mind its latent strength to scan, And chains brute instinct at the feet of man -Bids the wild comet, in its path of flame, Compute its periods and declare its name -With deathless radiance decks historic page, And wakes the treasures of a burried age?" Majestic Science from his cloistered shrine. Heard, and replied - "This godlike power is mine". "Oh then", said man, "my troubled spirit lead, Which feels its weakness and deplores its need. Come, and the shadowy vale of death illume, Show sin a pardon, and disarm the tomb". High o'er his ponderous tomes his hand he raised, His proud brow kindling as the suppliant gazed. "With ignorance I war and hoary time, Who wreck with vandal rage my works sublime -What can I more, dismiss your idle pain, Your search is fruitless and your labor vain". But from the cell where long she dwelt apart, Her silent temple in the contrite heart, Religion came, and where proud Science failed, She bent her knee to earth, and with her sire prevailed.

Sigourney.

84. OPPOSITION OF CHARACTER.

One man there was - and many such you might Have met — who never had a dozen thoughts In all his life, and never changed their course; But told them o'er each in its 'customed place, From morn till night, from youth till hoary age. Little above the ox which grazed the field His reason rose: so weak his memory, The name his mother called him by, he scarce Remembered; and his judgment so untaught, That what at evening played along the swamp. Fantastic, clad in robe of fiery hue, He thought the devil in disguise, and fled With quivering heart and winged footsteps home. The word philosophy he never heard. Or science; never heard of liberty. Necessity, or laws of gravitation: And never had an unbelieving doubt. Beyond his native vale he never looked; But thought the visual line that girt him round, The world's extreme: and thought the silver moon That nightly o'er him led her virgin host, No broader than his father's shield. He lived -Lived happy, and died happy, and was saved. Be not surprised. He loved and served his God. There was another, large of understanding, Of memory infinite, of judgment deep: Who knew all learning, and all science knew, And all phenomena in heaven and earth Traced to their causes; traced the labyrinths Of thought, association, passion, will;

And all the subtle, nice affinities Of matters traced; its motions, virtues, laws; And most familiarly and deeply talked Of mental, moral, natural, divine. Leaving the earth at will, he soared to heaven And read the glorious visions of the skies; And to the music of the rolling spheres Intelligently listened; and gazed far back, Into the awful depths of Deity. Did all that mind assisted most, could do; And yet in misery lived, in misery died, Because he wanted holiness of heart. A deeper lesson this to mortals taught And nearer cut the branches of their pride: That not in mental, but in moral worth, God excellence placed; and only to the good, To virtue, granted happiness alone.

Pollok.

85. THE VILLAGE-PREACHER.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd And still where many a garden flower grows wild, There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose, The village-preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear, And passing rich with forty pound a year;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,

Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place:

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power, By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour; Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize, More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,

He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain; The long remember'd beggar was his guest,

Whose beard descending swept his aged breast; The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,

Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd:

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,

Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away: Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done, Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were

won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow, And quite forgot their vices in their woe. Careless their merits, or their faults to scan, His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride. And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side:

But in his duty prompt at every call,

He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all:

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,

To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies: He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside each bed where parting life was laid,

And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd, The rev'rend champion stood. At his control.

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul; Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise.

And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran:

Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,

Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Oliver Goldsmith.

86. THE VILLAGE-SCHOOLMASTER.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace,
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;

Full well the busy whisper circling round, Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd; Yet he was kind; or if severe in ought, The love he bore to learning was in fault; The village all declared how much he knew; 'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage, And even the story ran that he could guage:

In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,

For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still; While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound, Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Oliver Goldsmith.

87. THE VILLAGE-BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree The village smithy stands: The smith, a migthy man is he, With large and sinewy hands; And the muscles of his brawny arms Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow;
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And the children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice, Singing in Paradise! He needs must think of her once more, How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Long fellow.

88. THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I am monarch of all I survey; My right there is none to dispute; From the centre all round to the sea I am lord of the fowl and the brute. O solitude! where are thy charms That sages have seen in thy face? Better dwell in the midst of alarms Then reign in this horrible place. I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone;
Never to hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love, Divinely bestowed upon man, O had I the wings of a dove, How soon I would taste you again! My sorrows I then might assuage In the ways of religion and truth, Might learn from the wisdom of age, And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasures untold Reside in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard —
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport, Convey to this desolate shore Some cordial endearing report Of a land I shall visit no more: — My friends, do they now and then send A wish or a thought after me?
O, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is a glance of the mind! Compared with the speed of its flight, The tempest itself lags behind, And the swift-winged arrows of light. When I think of my own native land In a moment I seem to be there; But alas! recollection at hand Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the seafowl has gone to her nest; The beast is laid down in his lair; Even here is a season of rest, And I to my cabin repair.

There's mercy in every place; There's mercy, encouraging thought! Gives even affliction a grace, And reconciles man to his lot.

W. Cowper.

89. EXILE OF ERIN.*)

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

^{*)} Ireland.

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion, For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean. Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion, He sang the bold Anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger;
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in my green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet
hours,

Or cover my harp with wild-woven flowers, And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace — where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and Sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

136 Erin.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavournin — Erin go bragh.*)

Thomas Campbell.

90. ERIN.

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

Thomas Moore.

^{*)} Ireland my darling, Ireland forever.

91. PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and Commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,

The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,

The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,

Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear

Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when Navies are stranded,

Faster come, faster come
Faster and faster
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wild waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

Sir Walter Scott (a Scotch war-call).

92. MY HEART 'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer; Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go. Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North The birthplace of valor, the country of worth; Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands forever I love. Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow; Farewell to the straths and green valley below; Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods; Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here, My heart 's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer; Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.

93. SONNET ON LONDON.

(Composed on Westminster Bridge.)

Earth has not anything to show more fair: Dull would he be of soul who could pass by A sight so touching in its majesty: This city now doth, like a garment, wear The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie Open unto the fields, and to the sky; All bright and glittering in the smokeless air. Never did sun more beautifully steep In its first splendor, valley, rock, or hill; Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep! The river glideth at its own sweet will: Dear God! the very houses seem asleep; And all that mighty heart is lying still. William Wordsworth.

94. THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead. Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native-land! Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned As home his footsteps he hath turned, From wandering on a foreign strand? If such there breathe, go, mark him well; For him no minstrel raptures swell!

High though his titles, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim: Despite those titles, power and pelf, The wretch, concentred all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown And doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott.



PART III.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT.





95. THE NEW YEAR.

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring happy bells, across the snow: The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

96. THERE ARE GAINS FOR OUR LOSSES.

There are gains for all our losses;
There are balms for all our pains;
But when youth, the dream departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better, Under manhood's sterner reign; Still we feel that something sweet Followed youth with flying feet, And will never come again. Something beautiful vanished, And we sigh for it in vain; We behold it everywhere, On the earth, and in the air, But it never comes again.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

97. SONNET.

I saw, on the top of a mountain high,
A gem that shone like fire by night;
It seemed a star, which had left the sky,
And dropped to sleep on the lonely height;
I climbed the peak, and found it soon
A lump of ice in the clear cold moon.
Can you its hidden sense impart?
"T was a cheerful look, and a brocken heart.

Fas. G. Percival.

98. LITTLE DANDELION.

Gay little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above;
Wise little Dandelion.

Cold lie the daisy banks
Clothed but in green,
Where, in the days agone,
Bright hues were seen.

Wild pinks are slumbering; Violets delay: True little Dandelion Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.
Under the fleecy tent
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
Out of her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun
Fiercely and high;
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion
In her white shroud
Heareth the angel breeze
Call from the cloud!
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay!
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

99. MAY.

The cock is crowing,

The stream is flowing;

The small birds twitter,

The lake doth glitter,

The green field sleeps in the sun;

The oldest and youngest

Are at work with the strongest;

The cattle are grazing,

Their heads never raising;

There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated

The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On top the bare hill;
The plough-boy is whooping anon, anon.
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains:
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone.

William Wordsworth.

100. BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

Buttercups and Daisies!
Oh! the pretty flowers
Coming ere the spring time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and Daisies
Spring up everywhere.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health,
By their mother's door;
Purple with the northwind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
Tho' they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and Daisies,
Are these human flowers?
He who gave them hardship,
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength
And patient hearts to bear!

Welcome, yellow Buttercups!
Welcome Daisies white!
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight!
Coming ere the spring-time
Of sunny hours to tell;
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who — doeth all things well.

Mary Howitt.

101. FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

Prune thou thy words; the thoughts control That o'er thee swell and throng: —
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run In soft luxurious flow, Shrinks when hard service must be done, And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears Where hearts and wills are weigh'd, Than brightest transports, choicest prayers, Which bloom their hour, and fade.

J. H. Newman,

102. THE MOSS ROSE.

The Angel of the flowers one day Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay, That spirit to whose charge is given To bathe young buds in dew from heaven. Awakening from his slight repose, The Angel whispered to the Rose, -"O fondest object of my care, Still fairest found where all is fair, For the sweet shade thou'st given me, Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee". Then said the Rose with deepened glow, -"On me another grace bestow"; The Angel paused in silent thought, -What grace was there the flower had not? 'T was but a moment, - o'er the Rose A veil of moss the Angel throws, And robed in Nature's simplest weed, Could there a flower that Rose exceed?

Unknown.

103. THE FLOWER.

Once in a golden hour,
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
Thro' my garden-bower,
And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall,

It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall,

Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried
"Splendid is the flower".

Read my little fable:

He that runs may read.

Most can raise the flowers now,

For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed,
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

Tennyson.

104. WHEN O'ER THE SILENT SEAS ALONE.

When o'er the silent seas alone, For days and nights we've cheerless gone — Oh! they who've felt it know how sweet Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,
"Ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;
While answering back the sounds we hear,
"Ship ahoy!" what cheer? what cheer?

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come, Kind words are said of friends and home; And soon, too soon we part with pain, To sail o'er silent seas again.

Moore.

105. THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

Tell me, thou star whose wings of light Speed thee in thy fiery flight, In what cavern of the night Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way, In what depth of night or day Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest Like the world's rejected guest, Hast thou still some secret nest On the tree or billow?

Percy Bisshe Shelley.

106. ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem - may his tribe increase -Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace. And saw, within the moonlight of his room, Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold: Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold: And to the presence in the room he said. "What writest thou?" The vision raised his head. And with a look made of all sweet accord, Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord". "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay not so", Replied the angel. Abou spake more low. But cheerly still; and said "I pray thee then, Write me as one that loves his fellowmen". The angel wrote and vanished. The next night He came again with great awakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blessed.

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

107. A DEWDROP FALLING.

A dewdrop falling on the wild sea wave, Exclaimed in fear, — "I perish in this grave!" But, in a shell received, that drop of dew Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew; And, happy now, the grace did magnify Which thrust it forth, as it had feared to die; — Until again, "I perish quite" it said,
Torn by rude diver from it's ocean bed;
O unbelieving! — so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

Richard C. Trench

108. IN THE WOOD.

In the wood where shadows are deepest From the branches overhead,
Where the wild wood-strawberries cluster,
And the softest moss is spread,
I met today with a fairy,
And I followed her where she led.

Some magical words she uttered,
I alone could understand,
For the sky grew bluer and brighter;
While there rose on either hand
The cloudy walls of a palace
That was built in fairy-land.

And I stood in a strange enchantment;
I had known it all before:
In my heart of hearts was the magic
Of days that will come no more,
The magic of joy departed,
That Time can never restore.

That never, ah, never, never,
Never again can be: —
Shall I tell you what powerful fairy
Built up this palace for me?
It was only a little white Violet
I found at the root of a tree.

A. A. Proctor.

109. SEVEN TIMES FOUR.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own

Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!

Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;

Sing them a song of the pretty hedge sparrow,

That loved her brown little ones, loved them full
fain;

Sing, "Heart, thou art wide tho' the house be but narrow" —

Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afair over warm ocean waters
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters
May be he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,

Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall — A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,

And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its
measure

God that is over us all.

Fean Ingelow "Songs of seven".

110. HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
That, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere,

Home — home — sweet sweet home, There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,

O give me my lowly built cottage again,

The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,

But give me the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home — home — sweet sweet home,

There's no place like home — There's no place like home.

Unknown.

111. THE COST OF A PLEASURE.

Upon the valley's lap,

The dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops,

To wake a single rose,

Thus often, in the course
Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
The soul a thousand tears.

W. C. Bryant.

112. TO A FLY.

Busy, curious, thirsty Fly, Drink with me, and drink as 1! Freely welcome to my cup, Could'st thou sip, and sip it up: Make the most of life you may! Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine, and thine, Hast'ning quick to their decline: Thine's a summer: mine's no more, Though repeated to three-score: — Three score summers when they're gone, Will appear as short as one.

W. Oldys.

113. THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For, so swiftly it flew, the sight Could not follow its flight.

I breathed a song into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where: For who has sight so keen and strong That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward in an oak I found the arrow still unbroke; And the song from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend.

Long fellow.

114. THE SINGERS.

God sent his singers upon earth With songs of sadness and of mirth, That they might touch the hearts of men, And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire, Held in his hand a golden lyre; Through groves he wandered, and by streams, Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face, Stood singing in the market place, And stirred with accents deep and loud The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray, old man, the third and last, Sang in Cathedrals dim and vast, While the majestic organ rolled Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three Disputed which the best might be; For still their music seemed to start Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see No best in kind, but in degree; I gave a various gift to each, To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

These are the three great chords of might, And he, whose ear is tuned aright Will hear no discord in the three, But the most perfect harmony".

Long fellow.

115. THE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!

How many a tale their music tells

Of youth, and home, and that sweet time

When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away

And many a heart that then was gay,

Within the tomb now darkly dwells,

And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal shall still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Thomas Moore.

116. THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains and the wind is never weary,
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Long fellow.

117. THE SHADOWS.

My little boy, with pale, round cheeks, And large, brown, dreamy eyes, Not often, little wisehead, speaks, But yet will make replies.

His sister, always glad to show
Her knowledge, for its praise,
Said yesterday: "God's here, you know;
He's everywhere, always".

"He's in this room". His large, brown eyes
Went wandering round for God;
In vain he looks, in vain he tries,
His wits are all abroad,

"He is not here, mamma? No, no; I do not see Him at all,
He's not the shadows, is He?" So
His doubtful accents fall.

Fall on my heart, like precious seed, Grow up to flowers of love; For as my child, in love and need, Am I to Him above.

How oft before the vapors break,
And day begins to be,
In our dim-lighted rooms we take
The shadows, Lord, for Thee;—

While every shadow lying there, Slow remnant of the night, Is but an aching, longing prayer For Thee, O Lord, the Light.

Geo. Macdonald.

118. A CROWN OF SORROW.

A Sorrow, wet with early tears
Yet bitter, had been long with me;
I wearied of this weight of years,
And would be free.

I tore my Sorrow from my heart,
I cast it far away in scorn;
Right joyful that we two could part,
Yet most forlorn.

I sought (to take my Sorrow's place), Over the world for flower or gem; But she had had an ancient grace Unknown to them.

I took once more with strange delight
My slighted Sorrow; proudly now
I wear it, set with stars of light
Upon my brow.

A. Proctor.

119. TRUE GREATNESS.

The fairest action of our human life,
Is scorning to revenge an injury:
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie:
And t'is a firmer conquest truly said
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find

To yield to worth, it must be nobly done: —
But if of baser metal be his mind,

In base revenge there is no honor won. Who would a worthy courage overthrow? And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;

Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor;

Great hearts are task'd beyond their power but seld:

The weakest lion will the loudest roar. Truth's school, for certain, does this same allow, Highheartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

Lady E. Carew.

120. TRUE GROWTH.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:

A lily of a day Is fairer far in May, Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light!
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben. Jonson.

121. UNSEEN.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth than we Can dream of, or than Nature understands; We learn not through our poor philosophy What hidden chords are touched by unseen hands.

The present hour repeats upon its strings Echoes of some vague dream we have forgot; Dim voices whisper half remembered things, And when we pause to listen — answer not.

Forebodings come: we know not how or whence Shadowing a nameless fear upon the soul, And stir within our hearts a subtler sense Than light may read, or wisdom may control.

And who can tell what secret links of thought Bind heart to heart? Unspoken things are heard, As if within our deepest selves was brought The soul, perhaps, of some unuttered word.

But, though a veil of shadow hangs between That hidden life and what we see and hear, Let us revere the power of the Unseen, And know a world of mystery is near.

122. TO A FLOWER.

Dawn, gentle flower!
From the morning earth
We will gaze and wonder
At thy wonderous birth.

Bloom, gentle flower!

Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower,
Fondled by the night!

Fade, gentle flower!
All thy white leaves close;
Having shown thy beauty,
Time 't is for repose.

Die, gentle flower
In the silent sun!
So, — all pangs are over,
All thy tasks are done!

Day hath no more glory

Though he soars so high;
Thine is all men's story:

Live — and bloom — and die!

Barry Cornwall.

123. A LESSON.

Let us be content, in work

To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. 'T will employ
Seven men they say, to make a perfect pin,
Who makes the head, consents to miss the point;
Who makes the point, agrees to miss the head;
And if a man should cry "I want a pin;
And I must make it straightway, head and point",
His wisdom is not worth the pin it wants.

Mrs. Browning.

124. THE VIOLET.

Down in the green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,

Its colors bright and fair!

It might have graced a rosy bower,

Instead of biding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

Jane Taylor.

125. THE FIRE.

A fire's a good companionable friend,
A comfortable friend, who meets your face
With pleasant welcome; makes the poorest shed
As pleasant as the palace! Are you cold?
He warms you — weary? he refreshes you —
Hungry? he doth prepare your viands for you —
Are you in darkness? he gives light to you —
In a strange land? his face is that of one
Familiar from your childhood — Are you poor?
What matters it to him? He knows no difference
Between an emperor and the poorest beggar.
Where is the friend that bears the name of man

Mary Howitt.

126. THE APOLOGY.

Will do as much for you?

Think me not unkind and rude,

That I walk alone in grove and glen,
I go to the god of the wood

To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms, beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky,
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 't is figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field

Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thy acres yield,

Which I gather in a song.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

127. THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine, Requireth none to grow; Nor doth it need the lotus-flower To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night, —

Springing in valleys green and low And on the mountains high, And in the silent wilderness, Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not, —
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man, to whisper hope When'er his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the flowers Will much more care for him.

Mary Howitt.

128. THE BROOK.

I come from the haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges.
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till at last by Philip's farm, I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my bank I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silver waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plats, I slide by hazel covers, I move the sweet forget-me-nots That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance Among my skimming swallows; I make the netted sunbeam dance Against my sandy shallows.

I murmer under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go
But I go on forever.

Tennyson.

129. THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad, When our mother Nature laughs around, When even the deep blue heavens look glad, And gladness breaths from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren, And the gossip of swallows through all the sky; And the ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den, And the wilding-bee hums merrily by.

And the clouds are at play in the azure space, And their shadows at play on the bright green vale, And here they stretch to the frolic chase, And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower; There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree; There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower; And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray, On the leaping waters and gay young isles, — Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away!

William Cullen Bryant.

130. THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers, Still seeming best; Upward and downward Motion thy rest.

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment.
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee.

F. R. Lowell.

131. WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And would'st thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its graceful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart strings round thee cling
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storms still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

George P. Morris.

132. THE TREE.

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown; "Shall I take them away?" said the Frost sweeping down.

"No, leave them alone till the blossoms have grown", Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung: "Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.

"No, leave them alone till the berries have grown", Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see; take them, all are for thee".
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

Björnstjerne Björnson.

133. LADY MOON.

Motto: "I see the moon, and the moon sees me: God bless thee, moon, and God bless me".

Old Rhyme.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving? "Over the sea". Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving? "All who love me". Are you not tired of rolling, and never Resting to sleep? Why look so pale, so sad, as forever Wishing to weep? "Ask me not this, little child, if you love me: You are too bold: I must obey the dear Father above me, And do as I'm told". Lady Moon, Lady Moon where are you roving? "Over the sea". Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving? "All who love me".

Lord Houghton.

134. FRIENDS.

North-Wind came whistling through the wood
Where the tender sweet things grew —
The tall fair ferns and the maidens-hair,
And the gentle Gentians blue.
"It is very cold — are we growing old?"
They sighed, "What shall we do?"

The sigh went up to the loving leaves, —
"We must help", they whispered low,
"They are frightened and weak, oh brave old trees!
But we love you well, you know".
And the trees said "We are strong — make haste!
Down to the darlings go".

So the leaves went floating, floating down,
All yellow and brown and red,
And the frail little trembling, thankful things
Lay still and were comforted.
And the blue sky smiled through the bare old trees
Down on their safe warm bed.

L. G. Warner.

135. THE WOODMAN AND THE SANDAL TREE.

Beside a sandal tree a woodman stood
And swung the axe, and, as the strokes were laid
Upon the fragrant trunk, the generous wood,
With its own sweets, perfumed the cruel blade.

Go, then, and do the like; a soul endued
With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good,
And good for evil give, and love for hate.

William Cullen Bryant.

136. SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloudfolds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

Long fellow.

137. SONG. MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her The flowery May, who from her green lap throws The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail! beauteous May, that doth inspire Mirth, and youth, and warm desire; Woods and groves are of thy dressing, Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing Thus we salute thee with our early song And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

John Milton.

138. THE HOUSE.

There is no architect
Can build as the Muse can;
She is skilful to select
Materials for her plan;

Slow and warily to choose
Rafters of immortal pine,
Or cedars incorruptable,
Worthy her design.

She threads dark Alpine forests,
Or valleys by the sea,
In many lands, with painful steps
Ere she can find a tree.

She ransacks mines and ledges,
And quarries every rock,
To hew the famous adamant
For each eternal block,

She lays her beams in music,
In music every one,
To the cadence of the whirling world
Which dances round the sun;

That so they shall not be displaced
By lapses or by wars,
But, for the love happy souls,
Outlive the newest stars.

139. THE POET'S SONG.

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose. He passed by the town, and out of the street; A light wind blew from the gates of the sun. And waves of shadow went over the wheat, And he sat him down in a lonely place, And chanted a melody loud and sweet, That made the wild swan pause in her cloud, And the lark drop down at his feet,

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee, The snake slipt under a spray. The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak, And stared, with his foot on his prey, And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs But never a one so gay, For he sings of what the world will be When the years have died away".

Tennyson.

140. THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

We were crowded in the cabin. Not a soul would dare to sleep, -It was midnight on the waters, And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in winter, To be shattered by the blast, And to hear the rattling trumpet Thunder, "Cut away the mast!" So we shuddered there in silence, —
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked with death.

As thus we sat in darkness,

Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,

As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered
As she took his icy hand,
"Is n't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the moon was shining clear.

James T. Fields.

141. THE CHILD-JUDGE.

"Where hast thou been toiling all day, sweetheart,
That thy brow is burdened and sad?
The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad".

"Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost, Or scorched with the mid-day glare? Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed, That thy face is so full of care?" "No pleasant garden-toils were mine! —
I have sat on the judgment-seat,
Where the Master sits at eve and calls
The children around his feet".

"How camest thou on the judgment-seat, Sweetheart? Who set thee there?" "T is a lonely and lofty seat for thee, And well might fill thee with care".

"I climbed on the judgment-seat myself,
I have sat there alone all day;
For it grieved me to see the children around
Idling their life away".

"They wasted the Master's precious seed,
They wasted the precious hours;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruit,
And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers".

And what hast thou done on the judgment-seat, Sweetheart? What didst thou there? Would the idlers heed thy childish voice? Did the garden mend by thy care?"

"Nay, that grieved me more! I called and I cried, But they left me there forlorn. My voice was weak, and they heeded not,

Or they laughed my words to scorn".

"Ah, the judgment-seat was not for thee,
The servants were not thine!
And the eyes which adjudge the praise and the blame
See further than thine or mine".

"The voice that shall sound at eve, sweetheart,
Will not raise its tones to be heard:
It will hush the earth and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word".

"Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
The stores that should feed his poor,
And not lift my voice, be it weak as it may,
And not be grieved sore?"

"Wait till the evening falls, sweetheart, — Wait till the evening falls, The Master is near and knoweth all, Wait till the Master calls".

"But how fared thy garden-plot, sweetheart,
Whilst thou sat'st on the judgment-seat?
Who watered thy roses, and trained thy vines,
And kept them from careless feet?"

"Nay, that is the saddest of all to me!

That is the saddest of all!

My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,

My lilies droop and fall".

"Go back to thy garden-plot, sweetheart,
Go back till the evening falls!

And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls".

"Go make thy garden fair as thou canst, Thou workest never alone; Perchance he whose plot is next to thine Will see it, and mend his own". "And the next may copy his, sweetheart,
Till all grows fair and sweet;
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces his coming will greet".

"Then shall thy joy be full, sweetheart, In the garden so fair to see, In the Master's words of praise for all, In a look of his own for thee".

Unknown.

142. THE OLD ARMCHAIR.

I love it — I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old armchair!
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize —
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with
sighs;

'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would you learn the spell? a mother sat there; And a sacred thing is that old armchair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide
With truth, for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old armchair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were grey,
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped —
My idol was shattered — my earthstar fled:
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old armchair.

'T is past! 't is past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'T was there she nursed me—'t was there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide—
Say it is folly— deem me weak,
While the scalding tears run down my cheek.
But I love it— I love it; and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old armchair.

Eliza Cook.

143. A COMFORTER.

"Will she come to me, little Effie,
Will she come in my arms to rest,
And nestle her head on my shoulder,
While the sun goes down in the west?"

"I and Effie will sit together,
All alone in this great armchair: —
Is it silly to mind it, darling,
When life is so hard to bear?"

"No one comforts me like my Effie,
Just I think that she does not try, —
Only looks with a wistful wonder
Why grown people should ever cry;"

While her little soft arms close tighter
Round my neck in their clinging hold: —
"Well, I must not cry on your hair, dear,
For my tears might tarnish the gold".

"I am tired of trying to read, dear;
It is worse to talk and seem gay:
There are some kinds of sorrow, Effie,
It is useless to thrust away".

"Ah, advice may be wise, my darling, But one always knows it before; And the reasoning down one's sorrow Seems to make one suffer the more".

"But my Esse won't reason, will she?
Or endeavour to understand;
Only holds up her mouth to kiss me,
As she strokes my face with her hand".

"If you break your plaything yourself, dear,
Don't you cry for it all the same?

I don't think it is such a comfort,
One has only one's self to blame".

"People say things can not be helped, dear, But then that is the reason why; For if things could be helped or altered, One would never sit down to cry:" "They say too that tears are quite useless
To undo, amend, or restore, —
When I think how useless, my Effie
Then my tears only fall the more".

"All today I struggled against it;
But that does not make sorrow cease;
And now, dear, it is such a comfort
To be able to cry in peace".

"Tho' wise people would call that folly, And remonstrate with grave surprise; We won't mind what they say, my Effie We never professed to be wise".

"But my comforter knows a lesson
Wiser, truer than all the rest: —
That to help and to heal a sorrow,
Love and silence are always best".

"Well, who is my comforter — tell me?"

Effie smiles, but she will not speak:

Or look up through the long curled lashes

That are shading her rosy cheek.

Is she thinking of talking fishes,
The blue bird, or magical tree?
Perhaps I am thinking, my darling
Of something that never can be.

"You long — don't you, dear? — for the Genii,
Who were slaves of lamps and of rings;
And I — I am sometimes afraid, dear,
I want as impossible things".

"But hark! there is nurse calling Effie!

It is bedtime, so run away;

And I must go back, or the others

Will be wondering why I stay".

"So good night to my darling Effie;
Keep happy, sweetheart, and grow wise:
There's one kiss for her golden tresses,
And two for her sleepy eyes".

A. Proctor.

144. THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch — stitch — stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang she "Song of the shirt!"

"Work — work — work!
While the cock is crowing aloof;"
And work — work — work
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work!"

"Work — work — work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work — work — work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band, —
Band and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!"

"O! men with sisters dear!
O! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch — stitch — stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt".

"But why do I talk of Death!
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own, —
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

"Work — work — work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags. —

That shattered roof, — and this naked floor, — A table, — a broken chair, — And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank For sometimes falling there".

"Work — work — work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work — work — work
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand".

"Work — work — work,
In the dull December light,
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring".

"Oh! but to breath the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!"

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch — stitch — stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, —
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sang this "Song of the shirt!"

Thomas Hood.

145. THE BEST PRAYER.

He prayeth best, who loveth best All things both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all.

S. J. Coleridge.

PART IV.

PAST AND FUTURE.





146. GOD, THE AUTHOR OF NATURE.

There lives and works A soul in all things, and that soul is God. The beauties of the wilderness are His, That make so gay the solitary place, Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms, That cultivation glories in, are His. He sets the bright procession on its way, And marshals all the order of the year; He marks the bounds which winter may not pass, And blunts its pointed fury; in its case, Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ Uninjured, with inimitable art: And, ere one flowery season fades and dies, Designs the blooming wonders of the next. The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused Sustains, and is the life of all that lives. Nature is but a name for an effect, Whose cause is God. One spirit - His, Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows, Rules universal nature! not a flower But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain, Of His unrivaled pencil. He inspires Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,

And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes, In grains as countless as the seaside sands, The forms with which He sprinkles all the Earth. Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds Of flavor or of scent, in fruit or flower, Or what he views of beautiful or grand In Nature, from the broad majestic oak To the green blade that twinkles in the sun, Prompts with remembrance of a present God.

Cowper.

147. MERCY (PORTIA'S SPEECH).

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe, and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute of God himself,
An earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Shakespeare.

148. A LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the Organ I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered idly Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then; But I struck one chord of music, Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the Organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

149. THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Oft in the stilly night

Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light

Of other days around me;

The smiles, the tears

Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,

Now dimmed and gone,

The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night

Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light

Of other days around me.

When I remember all

The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall

Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one

Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted.

Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

150. I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon;
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups —
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood.

151. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planing together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, A sudden raid from the hall! By three doors left unguarded They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine,

Do you think, O blue eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am,
Is not a match for you all.

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeons
In the round tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever, Yes, forever and a day Till the walls shall crumble to ruin, And moulder in dust away.

Long fellow.

152. SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old —
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true — it is very true —
I am old, and I "bide my time",
But my heart will leap at a scene like this
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! Play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay;
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the reedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come, And I shall be glad to go — For the world at best is a weary place, And my pulse is getting low; But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

N. P. Willis.

153. WEARINESS.

O little feet! that such long years

Must wander on through hopes and fears,

Must ache and bleed beneath your load;

I, nearer to the wayside inn

Where toil shall cease and rest begin,

Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve, or rule so long,
Have still so long to give, or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that so long has glowed, and burned
With passion into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

Long fellow.

154. GIVE ME THY HEART.

With echoing steps the worshippers
Departed one by one;
The organ's pealing voice was stilled,
The vesper hymn was done;
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,
One lamp alone, with trembling ray,
Told of the Presence there!

In the dark church she knelt alone;
 Her tears were falling fast;
"Help Lord", she cried, the shades of death
 Upon my soul are cast;
Have I not shunned the path of sin,
 And chosen the better path?"
What voice came through the sacred air? - "My child, give me thy heart!"

"Have I not laid before Thy shrine
My wealth, O Lord?" she cried;
"Have I kept aught of gems or gold,
To minister to pride?
Have I not bade pouth's joys retire,
And vain delights depart?"—
But sad and tender was the voice,
"My child, give me thy heart!"

"Have I not, Lord, gone day by day
Where thy poor children dwell;
And carried help, and gold, and food?
O Lord Thou knowest it well!
From many a house, from many a soul,
My hand bids care depart:"
More sad, more tender was the voice
"My child, give me thy heart!"

"Have I not worn my strength away
With fast and penance sore?
Have I not watched and wept?" she cried;
"Did Thy dear Saints do more?
Have I not gained Thy grace, O Lord,
And won in heaven my part?"—
It echoed loudly in her soul,—
"My child, give me thy heart!"

"For I have loved thee with a love No mortal heart can show; A love so deep, my Saints in heaven Its depths can never know: When pierced and wounded on the Cross Man's sin and doom were mine, I loved thee with undying love, Immortal and divine!

"I loved thee ere the skies were spread;
My soul bears all thy pains;
To gain thy love my sacred Heart
In earthly shrines remains:
Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,
Without one gift divine;
Give it, my child, thy heart to me,
And it shall rest in mine!"

In awe she listened, and the shade
Passed from her soul away;
In low and trembling voice she cried, —
"Lord help me to obey!
Break Thou the chains of earth, O Lord,
That bind and hold my heart;
Let it be Thine, and Thine alone
Let none with Thee have part".

"Send down, O Lord, Thy sacred fire!
Consume and cleanse the sin
That lingers still within its depths:
Let heavenly love begin.
That sacred flame Thy Saints have known
Kindle, O Lord, in me,
Thou above all the rest forever,
And all the rest in Thee".

The blessing fell upon her soul;
Her angel by her side
Knew that the hour of peace was come;
Her soul was purified;
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,—
But Peace went with her as she left
The sacred Presence there!

A. Proctor.

155. THE BEGGAR.

A beggar through the world am I, — From place to place I wander by; Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me, For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me, —
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unmovéd be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might, Enduring still through day and night Rude tempest-shock and withering blight, — That I may keep at bay

The changeful April-sky of chance And the strong tide of circumstance, — Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy mournfulness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green
Put in this scrip of mine, —
That griefs may fall like snowflakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright —
O sweetly-mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling, light content,
Give me, my cheerful brook, —
That I may still be full of glee
And gladsomeness, where'er I be,
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good To me, since I've been in the wood, Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart; But goodbye, kind friends, everyone, I've far to go ere set of sun; Of all things good I would have part, The day was high ere I could start, And so my journey 's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget To beg of thee, dear violet! Some of thy modesty, That flowers here as well, unseen, As if before the world thou'dst been, O, give, to strengthen me.

156. THE ALL-PERVADING INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY

A thing of beauty is a joy forever: Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into nothingness; but still will keep A bower quiet for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing. Therefore, on every morrow are we wreathing A flowery band to bind us to the earth. Spite of despondance, of the inhuman dearth Of noble natures, of the gloomy days, Of all the unhealthy and o'er darkened ways Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all, Some shape of beauty moves away the pall From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon, Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon For simple sheep; and such are daffodils With the green world they live in; and clear rills, That for themselves a cooling covert make 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake. Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms: And such too is the grandeur of the dooms We have imagined for the mighty dead: All lovely tales that we have heard or read: An endless fountain of immortal drink, Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no even as the trees,
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

John Keats.

157. THE HUMAN SEASONS.

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;

There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest into heaven; quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness — to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

John Keats.

158. CHANGED.

From the outskirts of the town,

Where of old the mile-stone stood,

Now a stranger, looking down

I behold the shadowy crown

Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?

Ah, the oaks are fresh and green.
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets, are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun they used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

Long fellow.

159. PRESS ON.

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrents arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps,
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And, through the ebon walls of night
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if once or twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they are sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
While on their breasts who never quail
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! if fortune plays thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs — press on! press on!

Therefore, press on! and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil!

Benjamin.

160. UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way? "Yes, to the very end".

Will the day's journey take the whole long day? "From morn to night, my friend".

But is there for the night a resting place?

"A roof for when the slow dark hours begin".

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

"You cannot miss that inn".

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

"Those who have gone before".

Then I must knock, or call when just in sight?

"They will not keep you standing at that door".

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
"Of labor you shall find the sum".
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
"Yea; beds for all who come".

Christina Rosetti.

161. SONNET.

Sad is our youth, for 't is forever going, Crumbling away beneath our very feet; Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing In current unperceived, because so fleet; Sad are our hopes, for they are sweet in sowing, But tares, self-sown, have evertopped the wheat; Sad are our joys, for they are sweet in blowing, And still, O still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them
Not for their sake, but for His, who grants them

or denies them.

Aubrey de Vere.

162. BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To the haven under the hill;

But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, o Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me.

Tennyson.

163. AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

The day is ending,

The night is descending,

The marsh is frozen,

The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes,
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;

The buried fences

Mark no longer

The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell.

Shadows are trailing,

My heart is bewailing

And tolling within

Like a funeral bell.

Long fellow.

164. ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide, —
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?
I fondly ask. — But Patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

Milton.

165. ON A LOCK OF MILTON'S HAIR.

It lies before me there, and my own breath Stirs its thin outer threads, as tho' beside The living head, I stood in honor'd pride, Talking of lovely things that conquer death.

Perhaps he press'd it once, or underneath Ran his fine fingers, when he leant, blank-eyed, And saw, in fancy, Adam and his bride With their rich locks, or his own Delphic wreath. There sums a love in hair, though it be dead. It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread Of our frail plant, — a blossom from the tree Surviving the proud trunk; — as though it said: Patience and Gentleness is Power. In me Behold affectionate eternity.

Leigh Hunt.

166. THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Life and Thought have gone away.
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide;
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night;
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see,
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark, deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth

Is here or merry-making sound.

The house was builded of the earth

And shall fall again to ground.

Come away; for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious —
A great and distant city — have bought
A mansion incorruptible
Would they could have stayed with us!

Tennyson.

167. HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WELL.

He liveth long who liveth well! All other life is short and vain; He liveth longest, who can tell Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest, who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him Who freely gave it, freely give; Else is that being but a dream, 'T is but to be, and not to live.

Be wise and use thy wisdom well; Who wisdom speaks, must live it too; He is the wisest, who can tell How first he lived, then spoke, the True. Be what thou seemest; live thy creed; Hold up to earth the torch divine; Be what thou prayest to be made; Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last; Buy up the moments as they go; The life above, when this is past, Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow Truth if thou the True wouldst reap; Who sows the false shall reap the vain; Erect and sound thy conscience keep; From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure; Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright; Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor, And find a harvest-home of light.

Rev. H. Bonar. D. D.

168. SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

Labor with what zeal we will, Something still remains undone, Something uncompleted still Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair, At the threshold, near the gates, With its menace, or its prayer, Like a mendiant, it waits, Waits, and will not go away; Waits, and will not be gainsaid; By the cares of yesterday; Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at length, it is, or seems Greater than our strength can bear, As the burden of our dreams, Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day, Like the dwarfs of time gone by, Who, as Northern legends say, On their shoulders held the sky.

Long fellow.

169. FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered, And the voices of the Night Wake the better soul, that slumbered, To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And, like phantoms grim and tall, Shadows from the fitful fire-light Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door; The beloved, the true-hearted, Come to visit me once more; He, the young and strong, who cherished Noble longings for the strife, By the roadside fell and perished, Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly, Who the cross of suffering bore, Folded their pale hands so meekly, Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous, Who unto my youth was given, More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me With those deep and tender eyes, Like the stars, so still and saint-like, Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer, Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely, All my fears are laid aside, If I but remember only Such as these have lived and died!

Long fellow.

170. THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

The bird let loose in Eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadows dims her way.

So grant me God! from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft; through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud — no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs, —
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

Thomas Moore.

171. SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes, and starry skies; And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her aspect and in her eyes. Thus mellowed to that tender light Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less, Had half impaired the nameless grace, Which waves in every raven tress, Or softly lightens o'er her face; Where thoughts serenely sweet express, How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow, So soft, so calm, so eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Lord Byron.

172. ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,

Let thy whole strength go to each;

Let no future dreams elate thee,

Learn thou first, what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven),
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee; Do not fear an armed band; One will fade as others reach thee, Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token, Reaching Heaven; but one by one Take them, lest the chain be broken Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. Proctor.

173. NEARER MY HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than ever I have been before.
Nearer my father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bounds of life,

Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,

Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea

Roll dark before my sight,

That brightly the other side

Break on the shore of light,

Oh! if my mortal feet

Have almost gained the brink,

If it be, I am nearer home,

Even to-day than I think —,

Father, perfect my trust,

Let my spirit feel in death,

That her feet are firmly set

On the rock of living faith!

Phoebe Cary.

174. SELFISHNESS.

Oh, if the selfish knew how much they lost, What would they not endeavour, not endure, To imitate as far as in them lay Him who His wisdom and power employs

In making others happy.

William Cowper.

175. THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A tender child of summers three, Seeking her little bed at night, Paused on the dark stair timidly. "Oh, mother! Take my hand", said she, "And then the dark will all be light".

We older children grope our way
From dark behind, to dark before,
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!

John G. Whittier.

176. THE CHILD JESUS IN THE GARDEN. (A LEGEND.)

Cold was the day, when in a garden bare,
Walked the Child Jesus, wrapt in holy thought;
His brow seemed clouded with a weight of care.
Calmness and rest from worldly things he sought.

Soon was his presence missed within his home; His mother gently marked his every way; Forth then she came to seek where he did roam, Full of sweet words his trouble to allay.

Through chilling snow she toiled to reach his side, Forcing her way mid branches brown and sere, Hastening that she his sorrows might divide, Share all his woe, or calm his gloomy fear.

Sweet was her face, as o'er his head she bent, Longing to melt his look of saddest grief. With lifted eyes, his ear to her he lent; Her kindly solace brought his soul relief.

Then did he smile — a smile of love so deep, Winter himself grew warm beneath its glow; From drooping branches scented blossoms peep; Up springs the grass; the sealed fountains flow.

Summer and spring did with each other vie, Offering to Him the fragrance of their store; Chanting sweet notes, the birds around Him fly, Wondering why Earth had checkered so her floor.

177. THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! O where is that radiant shore,
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands on glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy!
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair —
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

Felicia Hemans.

178. THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion given; The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe Deceitful shine, deceitful flow -There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume, As fading hues of Even: And Love and Hope and Beauty's bloom, Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb -There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day. From wave to wave we're driven. And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray. Serve but to light the troubled way -, There's nothing calm but Heaven!

Moore

179. PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire. Utter'd or unexpress'd, The motion of a hidden fire. That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech, That infant lips can try; Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach The majesty on high.

Prayer is the christian's vital breath, The christian's native air, His watchword in the hour of death, He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice Returning from his ways, While angels in their song rejoice, And say "Behold, he prays!"

In prayer, on earth the saints are one, In word, in deed, in mind, When with the Father and the Son Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone, The Holy spirit pleads And Jesus on the eternal throne For sinners intercedes!

O Thou! by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way! The path of prayer thyself hast trod; Lord teach us how to pray!

Unknown.

180. A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest",
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act, — act in the living Present!

Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our lives sublime, And departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still persuing, Learn to labor, and to wait.

Long fellow.

181. THY WAY, NOT MINE.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord, However dark it be! Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk aright. The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small; Be Thou my guide, my strength, My wisdom, my all.

Rev. H. Bonar.

182. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I 'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee —
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

183. THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not; all our way Is night, — with Thee alone is day: From out the torrent's troubled drift, Above the storm our prayers we lift, Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint, But who are we to make complaint, Or dare to plead, in times like these The weakness of our love of ease.

Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness Our burden up, nor ask it less, And count it joy, that even we May suffer, serve, or wait, for Thee, Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line, We trace Thy picture's wise design, And thank Thee that our age supplies Its dark relief of sacrifice.

Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done.

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain:
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou, the Master, we Thy Keys
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain:
Thy will be done!

F. G. Whittier.

184. THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again".

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves:
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay",

The Reaper said, and smiled;

"Dear tokens of the earth are they,

When He was once a child".

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear".

The mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day,
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

Long fellow.

185. A LAST PRAYER.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;

So clear I see, that things I thought Were right or harmless, were a sin; So clear I see, that I have sought, Unconscious, selfish aims to win;

So clear I see, that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave,

In outskirts of thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task thou hast,
Let me repentant work fo Thee!

Helen Jackson (H. H.).

186. CONFIDING IN GOD'S GRACIOUS CARE.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear son, The ill which I this day have done; That with the world, myself and Thee I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave, as little as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may With joy behold the judgment-day.

Lord, let my soul forever share The bliss of thy paternal care: 'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above, To see Thy face, and sing Thy love.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Unknown

PART V.

HELPS TO OLD AND YOUNG.





187. MILDLY JUDGE YE. (LINES COMPOSED 30 YEARS AGO.)

Mildly judge ye of each other,
Be to condemnation slow;
The very best have got their failings,
Something good the worst can show.
The brilliant sun has spots of darkness
On his radiant face, they say;
And the clock that never goeth
Speaks correctly twice a day.

Do not mock your neighbor's weakness
When his random whims you see,
For perhaps he something like it
Every day beholds in thee.
Folly leavens all our natures,
Soundest metal hath its flaws,
And the rigid, stoic scorner
Is no wiser for his saws.

Every mortal hath his hobby;
It may foolish seem to you,
But, remember, bright or simple,
You have got your hobby, too.

Let a follow feeling warm you
When you criticise your friend;
Honor virtues in his actions,
In yourself his vices mend.

Think not those whom mortals honor
Are the best the earth affords,
For no tongue doth blazon forth
The deeds which God rewards.
There are fish behind in ocean
Good as ever from it came;
There are men, unknown, as noble
As the laureled heirs of fame.

A. D. H. ("Don.")

188. THE LEGEND OF RABBI JEHORAH.

Rabbi Jehorah, ancient, rich and wise, Died; and his soul went straight to paradise.

There, at the gate, he saw a shining angel stand, Guarding, with shining eyes, the blessed land.

"What hast thou done", he cried, with sweet, stern face,

"To make thee fit to enter in this place?"

The rabbi scarcely bent his haughty head. "I am a teacher of the law", he said,

"The Mishna and Gamarah well I know: Their precepts have I kept, as I can show".

The angel bent on him his piercing eyes: "Nothing we know of these in paradise.

"No law is here save the unwritten word Graven within those hearts that love the Lord".

The gates were closing fast. "Is it too late", Jehorah cried, "my sin to explate?"

"God, in his mercy", said the angel bright, "Grants thee a year to learn his will aright".

Back to the earth Jehorah's spirit fled, Entered that clay his friends had mourned as dead.

But never more a place was filled by him In the great councils of the Sanhedrim.

Nor, as of old, in secret did he pore O'er the dread Cabala's mysterious lore.

Far in the desert wilds he dwelt alone: Herbs were his food, his pillow was a stone.

Fasting, he sought forgiveness for his sin, Praying that paradise he yet might win.

And when the weary year at length rolled round, Gaunt lay his body stretched along the ground,

The while his eager soul came once again Before those gates, the other side of pain.

There stood the angel with the sweet, stern face: "How hast thou spent", he said, "thy year of grace?"

"Fasting, in bitter penance for my sin. Ceaseless I prayed that I might pardon win".

"And hast thou dared", the holy angel cried, To slight the gifts of God in senseless pride? "All things are holy to the perfect soul. God is not mocked, for he hath made the whole.

"Yet—for this wrong in ignorance was done—Another year is granted, and but one".

"Hard is the law of God", Jehorah said; "Bitter it is for living and for dead.

"Who may abide his judgments? Let me then Return, and live among my fellow-men.

"Deeply my heart is stricken with their fate; For who shall pass the angel at the gate?

"Let me give comfort while I may to those Who stand in need, o'erwhelmed with earthly woes".

Humbly Jehorah lived, despising none Who needed help, until the year was done.

And when with tears they closed his tired eyes, His soul was with the blest, in paradise.

Isabel F. Bellows in Christian Register.

189. THE BURDEN BEARERS.

I looked and saw two different companies
Who travelled the same road, but wide apart;
Each pilgrim had a burden at the start,
Which, as he journeyed onward, grew in size.
These looked not on each-other with a heart
Of sympathy, nor felt their sorrow rise

So see their pangs of anguish that would dart
Through the flushed countenance and bloodshot
eyes

Of fellow traveller. None would lay his load
Aside to help his brother up the hill,
And oft they pushed each-other from the road;
And ever, as they journeyed, quarreled still.
Their law was, "Each must his own burden bear;"
Therefore their burdens grew to black despair.

Such was this crew: how far diverse were they
Who seemed a gloomier band at the first-look;
And more had they to do—to watch and pray,
And often study o'er a little book,
Besides each-other's burdens that they took
With gladness on their backs; and on the way
They yielded each to the other; none forsook
The tired, or by the fallen refused to stay;
None was so mean that all did not behold
In him a brother high in rank and place;
Whence the faint hearted daily grew more bold
And those who lagged behind revived their pace.
Their law was, "One another's burdens bear;"
Therefore their burdens grew light as air.

Theodore D. Woolsey.

190. KNOWLEDGE AND POWER.

Knowledge of right, Power to resist evil. Knowledge of justice, Power to administer it. Knowledge of love, Power to compel it. Knowledge of duty, Power to accomplish. Knowledge of obedience, Power to obey.
Knowledge of gratitude, Power to exhibit.
Knowledge of truth, Power to bridle the tongue.
Knowledge of wisdom, Power to impart.
Knowledge of temperance, Power to abstain.
Knowledge of holiness, Power to "keep thyself pure".
Knowledge of faith, Power to live by truth.
Knowledge of mercy, Power to be generous.
Knowledge of grace, Power to help.

191. CHOSEN LESSONS.

In the way that he shall choose
He will teach us;
Not a lesson we shall lose,
All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed
We may find it,
But the blessing that we need
Is behind it.

All the lessons He shall send Are the sweetest, And His training, in the End, Is completest.

Francis Ridley Havergal.

192. TINY TOKENS.

I.

The murmur of a waterfall

A mile away, The rustle when a robin lights

Upon a spray,
The langing of a lowland stream

The lapping of a lowland stream On dipping boughs,

The sound of grazing from a head Of gentle cows,

The echo from a wooded hill Of cuekoo's call,

The quiver through the meadow grass At evening fall: —

Too subtle are these harmonies For pen and rule,

Such music is not understood By any school:

But when the brain is overwrought,

It hath a spell,

Beyond all human skill and power, To make it well.

II.

The memory of a kindly word For long gone by,

The fragrance of a fading flower Sent lovingly,

The gleaming of a sudden smile Or sudden tear,

The warmer pressure of the hand,

The tone of cheer,

The hush that means "I cannot speak,

But I have heard!"

The note that only bears a verse From God's own word;

Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry:

The givers deeming they have shown Scant sympathy;

But when the heart is overwrought, Oh who can tell

The power of such tiny things
To make it well.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

193. THE EMPEROR'S BREAKFAST.

Fifteen centuries ago,
Emperor Nintok of Japan
Walked upon his roof, at morning,
Watching if the work began
Well—to gild the cedar frieze
Of his palace galleries;
Well—to nail the silver plates
Of his inner palace gates;
For the queen would have it so
Fifteen hundred years ago!
Walking on his roof, he spied
Streets and lanes and quarters teeming,
Saw his city spreading wide;

Ah! but poor and sad in seeming Showed those lowly wooden huts Underneath the King's gate gleaming. Oh! he knows each wicket shuts One world out and one world in: This so great, and that so small. Yet to those plain folks within The little world their all in all! Just then, the waiting maids bore through The breakfast of King Nintoku. Ouoth the Emperor, gazing round, "Wherefore - when my meats abound -See I not more smoke arise From these huts beneath mine eyes? Chimneys jut into the air, Yet no chimney reek is there Telling how the household pot Bubbles glad with gohan hot! Gild me no more galleries If my people lose the gold! Let my doors unplated go If the silver leaves them cold! This city of all tax I ease For three years: We decree it so! From those huts there shall be smoke!" Thus the Emperor Nintok spoke. Three years sped. Upon his roof That monarch paced again. Aloof His Empress hung, ill pleased to see The snows drip through her gallery, The gates agape for cracks, and gray With wear and weather. "Consort! say If thus the Emperor of Japan

Should lodge, like some vile peasant man Whose thatch leaks for a load of straw?" "Princess august! what recks a flaw?" Nintok replied, "in gate or wall When, far and wide, those chimneys all Fling their blue house-flags to the sky Where the Gods count them? Thou and I Have part in all the poor folks' health: A people's weal makes a King's wealth!"

Sir Edwin Arnold.

194. ASPIRE.

Never cease aspiring —
Long for something higher!
Greater good desiring,
Fill your heart, ne'er tiring,
With a holy fire.

Cast off every fetter—
Keep each hope alive!
Make success your debtor!
Failure e'en is better
Than to never strive.

Though your great aim never
Here you may attain,
Constant be endeavor!
To aspire is ever
In itself a gain.

195. HYMN OF TRUST

O Love Divine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear, On Thee we cast each earth born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear, The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf, Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe, O Love Divine, forever dear, Content to suffer while we know, Living and dying, Thou art near!

Oliver Wendell Holmes, written in 1858.

196. A SONG IN THE NIGHT. (WRITTEN IN GREAT SUFFERING.)

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
From thine own hand,
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.

I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest
In hush of sweet submission
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That Thou art watching closely
My truest need;

That Thou, my Good Physician
Art watching still;
That all Thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus;
What Thou dost choose;
The soul that really loves Thee
Will not refuse.

It is not for the first time
I trust to-day;
For Thee my heart has never
A trustless "Nay!"

I take this pain, Lord Jesus;
But what beside?
"T is no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide.

In every hour of faintness
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As Thine own gift;
And true though tremulous praises
I now uplift.

I am too weak to sing them,
But Thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow,
Thou art so near!

'T is Thy dear hand, O Saviour That presseth sore, The hand that bears the nail prints For evermore.

And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me!

Francis Ridley Havergal.

197. TO A SAD LITTLE GIRL.

You say you are ugly, and you are afraid That nobody loves you, sad little maid; For people whisper, with lip a curl, As you pass by, "What an ugly girl!" Ah, well, my dear, if you mope and fret, Your ugly face will be uglier yet.

Let me tell you the secret without delay Of growing beautiful day by day. 'T is a secret old as the world is old, But worth in itself a mine of gold; Beauty of soul is beauty of face, For inward sweetness makes outward grace.

There is the secret, simple and true; Now prove what its wisdom can do for you Fill up your heart with thoughts most sweet, Bidding all others at once retreat. And these sweet thoughts will grow like seeds, And bloom into beautiful words and deeds, And soon, very soon, they will leave their trace Of loveliness on your ugly face; The lines will soften on cheek and brow, Bright smiles will shine where tears are now; Your eyes will sparkle, and some blest power Will make you lovelier every hour. Just try it, my dear; begin to-day So do kind things in the kindest way -So kindly think, and kindly speak, So be sweet tempered, gentle and meek. Then never again shall you need be afraid That nobody loves you, dear little maid! Opinions will change, with a pleasant whirl And all will think, "What a charming girl!"

Harper's Young People.

198. A PRAYER.

O Father! Thou whose potent hand doth hold All gifts, unlocking with thy golden keys Love, fame, wealth, power and pleasures manifold, Bring to my friend the olive boughs of peace!

For in this storm-tossed world what shall avail The largess of a glittering show of life? Some day is sure to see the splendors fail, Dimmed by earth's dreary clouds of pain and strife.

But the tranquillity of soul that grows From holy living, and a conscience clean, Sweeter than fragrance of the new blown rose Clearer than stainless heights of heaven serene.

O Father, with that blessing crown my friend, With that divine Content, that golden Ease The pure in heart alone may comprehend, — So bring my friend the olive boughs of peace.

Celia Thaxter.

199. THE ANGEL DEATH.

Strange, how we think of Death
The angel beloved of God,
With his face like an asphodel flower,
And his feet with nepenthe shoe.
Strange, how we turn and flee
When he comes by the sunset way,
Out of the valley of rest,
Down through the purpling day!

Why should we fear him so?
What doth the white one bear?
Heartsease of paradise,
Lilies of purer air!
Comes he so soft, so kind
Down from the beautiful sky
Soft as a Mother comes
Stirred by an infant's cry.

Faines Buckham.









